

6-page special:
OUR ENERGY CRISIS
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A tart farewell To Frank Moores By Ray Guy

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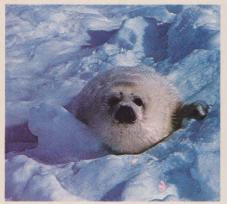
# **Atlantic Insight**

April 1979, Vol.1, No.1



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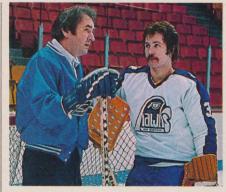
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### **Greetings from the Publisher**



very successful magazine recognizes a community of interest. In recent years, new periodicals have sprung up to serve women, blacks, tennis players, antique collectors, golfers, sailors, gourmets, travellers, snowmobile buffs, four-wheel drive buffs, cities, towns, provinces, states, regions in every corner of North America, and hundreds of other human groupings. We are witness-

ing a major revival in the magazine industry. In Atlantic Canada alone, people buy more than 900,000 magazines every month. More than half come from the United States;

40% come from central Canada.

The international media, particularly television, impose on us an impersonal sameness, a flood of impressions that hasn't always much to do with the realities of our daily lives. Not everybody eats at McDonalds, drinks Pepsi and comes from the Bronx. Sitcoms, glittering specials and NFL football leave some people wondering if anything is real anymore. So they return to magazines. Magazines are at least tangible. You can pick them up and put them down according to your mood. You can re-read them in peace. But more important, they give readers that essential sense of community that arises from a common interest.

At the same time, we at *Atlantic Insight* know we have to be as good as 50 or 60 competitors from the States and Toronto. We can't get away with being second-best while trading on regional loyalty. We have to give Atlantic Canadians what they want, material that the other magazines simply don't deliver, and we have to do it professionally.

We are competing not just for magazine sales, but for a

share of your reading time, and that is the real challenge we face. It's up to us to make Atlantic Canadians feel they *must* read *Atlantic Insight* and, to pull this off, we're not going to give you a rehash of somebody else's news. We're going to be topical, opinionated, entertaining and informative, and we're going to be all about Atlantic Canada.

We share the excitement that's bubbling in these four provinces. Look at our cities, alive with restaurants, shops and entertainment. They were not always so. Look at our new hotels and the crowds of visitors they attract. Look at our fishing industry, bursting with optimism and new opportunity. Even our problems, such as energy, may be turning into promises of growth. In business, politics and the arts, our people are attracting national spotlights. Years of pessimism may have weakened our ambition at times but, now, there's a fresh awareness that opportunity surrounds us.

Though a separate Quebec threatens our dreams, *Atlantic Insight* believes that a new maturity in the Atlantic region and new chances for success deserve celebration. Just as tired ways of doing things deserve criticism. So we'll be celebrating and criticizing and we hope you'll come to feel that, without *Atlantic Insight*, no month is quite complete.

WE Beenear

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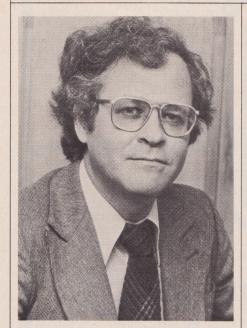
ATLANTIC INSIGHT, APRIL, 1979



you will never, ever forget.

leaves you breathless

#### **Editor's Letter**



#### he trouble was, Kennedy Wells' ewes were giving birth. He's our man on the Island, and his story on industrial parks (see page 15) was days late. I could almost feel my editor's hair turning white and at last, I phoned him. He was terribly sorry. He has 60 ewes. Thirteen were foaling, and he'd already been midwife for 21 lambs. Not only that, he'd slipped on ice and dislocated a shoulder. Surely I could understand. And this, I thought, is going to be one heck of a tricky magazine to edit. Some deliveries are forever more important than other deliveries, and in 24 years of journalism, I have never before heard a writer who was late with copy offer such an ironclad excuse. It is unlikely a freelancer's lambs will ever help give ulcers to the editor of any Toronto

Wells' crisis in the barn relates to another birth: That of Atlantic Insight. His worries are different from those of Toronto freelancers and Atlantic Insight was born in the belief that the people of the Atlantic provinces are different from the people of the rest of Canada. Their history, problems and values are their own. Consider values. While attacking an unfunny skit by entertainers in Newfoundland, a notoriously acid Toronto critic wrote that something in the show was "the funniest thing since the last trawler went down." In Toronto, that was just a throw-away line; in Newfoundland and Labrador, it was an outrage. Smallwood, the premier in those days, said he hoped the man would never again set foot in the province. The point is not just that no Newfoundland journalist would ever

# Why Atlantic Canada needs a magazine to call its own

treat flippantly the loss of life at sea; it's that no Newfoundland journalist or Maritimer journalist would do it. We have common values, and they are not identical to other Canadian values.

Wrong-headedness from away is often simply a matter of bad perception: The Canadian Style is a useful bunch of quotes by and about Canaians, but its "incisive background commentary" by a Toronto history teacher includes the astounding news that "K.C. Irving of New Brunswick, until recently one of the most powerful feudal barons in Canada, was almost completely unheard of by the masses." Again, no historian from any of the Atlantic provinces could ever have written that. If there were masses who'd rarely heard of K.C. Irving, that must have been in India, Brazil, British Columbia, places like that. New Brunswickers who couldn't name the prime minister or their own premier knew Irving's name. It was so truly a household word that as children, many herring-chokers thought his initials were his first name: Casey Irving, as in Casey Jones.

Focus, too, is important. Marvelling that R.A. Jodrey had more company directorships than any other Canadian, Maclean's aimed its telescope on him from Toronto and pronounced him "an obscure apple farmer who lives in Hantsport, N.S." That was 22 years ago but it lingers as proof that, in Canada, your stature is a matter of who's looking at you and from how far away. Jodrey is dead now but he remains the most legendary figure in the modern business history of Nova Scotia. However little Maclean's knew about him in 1957, he was about as obscure in Nova Scotia as Cape Blomidon on a sunny day or a lighthouse on a clear night.

I'm not knocking *Maclean's* or Toronto. I know about the horrors of magazine production, and the fact that *Maclean's* gets out a competent magazine every week is a minor miracle. Moreover, as expatriate New Brunswicker Robert Miller suggests (see page 50), Toronto has pleasures that we de-

prived easterners can only dream about. He proves again that ranking Canadian regions is a personal game, and forever inconclusive. What's indisputable, however, is that the Atlantic region is ours, and our possession of it is evident in infinite tiny differences. What Ontario kids called "running shoes" were always "sneakers" down here and, though that's hardly significant in itself, the sum of myriad distinctions is our regional identity. That identity is what Atlantic Insight aims to serve, celebrate and discuss.

I can't argue that the Atlantic provinces are a cultural monolith. History, politics, provincial self-interest, even weather, wilderness, ice, stone ridges, rivers and the sea itself leave them, in some respects, as stiff-necked and prickly with one another as feuding hillbilly families. Still there's a bond, and it's on that bond that Atlantic Insight bets its future. We believe that, more than other Canadians, Atlantic Canadians can appreciate an old joke. It stars a grizzled fisherman who is sitting on the wharf of your choice, and it goes like this:

Old Salt: Good mornin' to you, too, sir and where'd you say you was from? Tourist: Toronto. The biggest city in Canada.

Old Salt: You don't say. How many folks livin' in this Toronto anyway? Tourist: Five million.

Old Salt: And how far away would you say that might be?

Tourist: A thousand miles, may be more. Why?

Old Salt: (marvelling, as he watches the gulls, the sea, his hut): Lord Jesus, can you beat that? All them people livin' so far away from everything.

Harry Bruce

#### Letters

You have accepted quite a challenge. I hope you never feel you would have been wiser to take up ski-jumping. I look forward very much to reading Atlantic Insight. Good luck!

Robert L. Stanfield House of Commons Ottawa

More positive and constructive voices are needed and welcome in the developing forward movement of social and economic change in Atlantic Canada. With all good wishes for success. Charles McElman

The Senate Ottawa

Good Luck. I hope (a) it is good and (b) if so, it succeeds.

Jeremy Akerman House of Assembly Halifax

Such a publication is needed in the Atlantic provinces and it appears that all aspects of the magazine industry have been carefully reviewed by the company; thus, ensuring its success. I extend my congratulations and best wishes on the success of your magazine and look forward to receiving your first issue.

> Richard Hatfield Premier of New Brunswick

Will you speak with a whine or a whinny? If the latter, please sign me up for a lifetime prescription!... To a new enterprise, I say good luck! To a positive expression of the growing confidence and talent in Atlantic Canada, I say welcome!

Hon. Alex Campbell The Island

An exciting and ambitious project... You have started on the right foot with an experienced high profile staff. Bill Hancox Charlottetown

Down here, where we still starch our table napkins and make our own bread, where we still put doilies under the cookies and enjoy our own jam, we like a little class; and, if your magazine celebrates this land and its people with class, we'll all celebrate with you... Bring on the class and the glowing color! Give our puritan heritage a kick. We're really rather talented.

> Mary Pratt Mt. Carmel, Nfld.

I have just heard of your new magazine, and I want to say that I think the time is exactly ripe for it... I won't wish you luck, because success in this will not depend on luck, but I earnestly hope Atlantic Insight will live and thrive. Alex Colville

Wolfville, N.S.

It is so good to realize that Atlantic Insight will apparently be a strong voice regarding the concerns and achievements of Atlantic Canada, not only to other Canadians but in other countries. You seem to have a good team lined up, and I have pleasure in enclosing my charter membership subscription.

Moncrieff Williamson Confederation Centre Art Gallery & Museum Charlottetown

I am sure it will warm the hearts of Atlantic residents and increase the appeal of the region to outsiders. E. Margaret Fulton

President Mount Saint Vincent University Halifax

I look forward with anticipation to a great Maritime event in April-Atlantic Insight's first appearance. Best of luck in your new endeavor.

> Carolyn Lawson Cambridge, N.S.

I feel the time is right for Atlantic Canada to promote itself because if we don't, rest assured no one else will. I commend you on your effort to initiate this new magazine and wish you every success for the future.

> David J. Hubley Milford Station, N.S.

We at Time wish you much success with your most enterprising venture.

Stephen E. McDonough Associate Manager TIME Canada Ltd. Toronto

Your new magazine looks like a real winner. I wish you all the best in your new venture and I'm sure it will prove successful.

> W. B. Greenwood, Jr. Halifax, N.S.

Best of luck to an excellent idea. I'm sure you have a winner.

> George MacKay Waverley, N.S.

#### The con that refreshes

Spending our money to make us love our country, the national unity office hired the National Film Board to make a rousing, 84-second commercial about the wonders of the true north, strong and free. Director Ted Remerowski's immortal tribute to his own film: "We had to approach it like a Coca Cola commercial which does great things in 60 seconds."

#### If you like Porcupine to go

A Newfoundland company is considering production of canned seal meat pies and seal meat TV dinners. Test marketing has already proved the people of Newfoundland and Labrador are keen on canned seal meat stew, but those who prefer moose should read Decks Awash. The extension service of Memorial University publishes Decks Awash for rural and coastal Newfoundlanders, and a recent issue included recipes for such yummy concoctions as moose chili con carne and a moose chop suey that's guaranteed not to leave you hungry an hour later.

# Happy **Anniversary** Newfoundland

"Today and tomorrow are all the time left to an independent Newfoundland. If some people are waiting with almost ghoulish glee for the demise of the Newfoundland we knew, others are watching with anxiety and with sorrow the hands of the clock move slowly round." - The Daily News, March 30, three decades ago. On April 1, 1949, Newfoundland and Labrador became a province of Canada.

# Happy **Anniversary** Newfoundland



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### **The Region**

# Five old waterfronts come back to life

Pretty from afar but unsightly close up, Atlantic Canada's waterfronts have long been places to avoid on Sunday strolls. But the tide is turning. Suburbanites, tourists, businesses and their dollars are being lured back to the waterfront by vigorous redevelopment campaigns in five cities. Each drive aims to strengthen the link with the sea that gives Atlantic cities their special flavor.

Some buildings of architectural and historical significance still stand, and restoring them figures heavily in redevelopment. But merely preserving the old won't give the waterfronts the drawing card they need. To do that, planners are turning to boat cruises from the wharves, specialty boutiques, restaurants and cafés in Halifax and Charlottetown, a swanky new mall with a garden courtyard in Saint John, pedestrian links and covered walkways everywhere.

But will it all float? The distinctive setting of each city is a curb on carbon-copy waterfronts, but there's some fear designers are aiming for a contrived quaintness. Moreover, redevelopment plans get buffeted by the shifting currents of government spending programs and by economic ups and downs which make private developers bullish one day, bearish the next

Here's how waterfront development looks in each city:



St. John's: The trick is to keep what it's got

St. John's. North America's oldest city doesn't need to install quaintness. Stores, cafés and pubs stand across the street from the Portuguese and Russian trawlers tied up in port. But the waterfront has problems. Retailers face competition from the suburban malls, housing stock has deteriorated and expected increases in bulk cargo will create land shortages. Past efforts to tackle the problems were scattered. The city, port authority, Heritage Foundation and businesses have all tried to rehabilitate the waterfront area, but they've acted independently. This has been a major stumbling block. Recently, they all got together to found a task force to come up with a development plan.

Legal hassle clouds the situation: Trizec Equities Limited paid \$1.5 million for 4.2 acres of land west of city hall in 1975. It planned to put up a \$75-million hotel-office complex. But nothing happened and the city, which had sold Trizec the land, claimed damages. The case has gone to arbitration and until it's decided, no other developers can make proposals. The waterfront dream of local tycoon Andrew Crosbie was Atlantic Place, a 20-storey hotel-bus-

iness complex. Only nine storeys have gone up and a Canadian National hotel deal fell through. Three of the floors are still vacant and their future looks doubtful.

Despite setbacks, however, work on the waterfront is moving along briskly. In August the \$37-million harbor arterial road will be finished. Funded largely by the feds, the four-lane highway begins outside St. John's and ends at city hall with a spur to the waterfront. Planners hope the highway will bring back some of that 23% of the population which deserted the downtown in the Seventies.

St. John's now has the most progressive heritage conservation legislation and neighborhood improvement programs in Canada, thanks to lusty tub-thumping by the city's Heritage Foundation. It's bought and renovated 23 buildings in the past two years and resold three of them; the Foundation plans to buy, renovate and sell 60 houses by 1982. David Webber, general manager of the foundation, says it's cheaper to renovate than build anew: \$23 a square foot to renovate against \$32 to build. Two commercial buildings on Water Street are also being refurbished. The historic Murray



Charlottetown: A \$50-million plan is right on schedule

premises are getting a \$2 million facelift; the major tenant will be the Newfoundland Museum.

In its redevelopment report "New Life for Old St. John's," the Heritage Foundation recommends a convention-exhibition hotel, hillside apartments and arts and crafts centres. The task force will look at the proposals and, although it's not certain yet what form renewal will take, St. John's pride in being a "live-in" city will dictate a blend of residential and commercial life.

Charlottetown. Harbourside, the Island's waterfront development plan, calls for a mix of commercial, residential and recreation activities. The P.E.I. Housing Corporation building and the restored 140-year-old Peake House, occupied by the Institute of Man and Resources, are finished. The courthouse, an anchor for the development, is near completion. Six more buildings are in the works, and the Charlottetown Area Development Corporation (CADC) says they'll contain both commercial, and residential units. More offices and shops are going into the Carvell property, an historic landmark, and a number of smaller waterfront

buildings. Most of the area is a construction site but at night historically correct lights guide joggers and strollers along the streets.

Harbourside's plans, which will carry well into the Eighties include: A public marina, temporarily delayed by federal spending cutbacks; a recreation complex; farmers' market; cruise ship docking, auctions, table tennis and Island-style lobster and chowder dinners. So far the \$50-million redevelopment program is on schedule, with a one to ten public-private spending ratio. Charlottetown has been luckier than other cities: "We were seeing the beginnings of decay but it hadn't really occurred," says Kenneth Des-Roches, CADC's assistant manager, and the agency moved "at the critically correct time" to stave off the flight to the suburbs.

Not everyone's happy though. Businessmen worry that CADC commercial developments will cut into their profits. Last summer a group represented by lawyer Gerard Mitchell argued that the office vacancy rate, already high, would become intolerable with planned commercial additions. CADC officials deny it. The businessmen also object to financing competition with their own tax dollars—a complaint echoed in Halifax. The promised move of the federal Department of Veterans Affairs to Charlottetown could help.

Saint John. Plagued by the downtown blight common to Atlantic waterfront cities, Saint John is fighting back with a new city hall and shopping-entertainment squares. Market Square, a multi-use development that could end up costing \$80 million will start construction in the spring. According to federal Fisheries Minister Romeo LeBlanc it will give



Saint John: Reaching for "the big league" in Canadian cities

Saint John "the gloss that means it's really in the big league of Canadian cities." Ray Thompson, Saint John's chief of rehabilitation services, will settle for a revitalization of the downtown. Market Square will contain the regional library, a trade and convention centre, a mall, offices and a luxury hotel. There'll be housing in a small tower on the water's edge and in a low-rise which encloses a sheltered garden. The new square will also connect with nearby locations.

Like Halifax, Saint John will soon have a landscaped walkway with public access to the waterfront. But it has a long way to go. "We've had to start from scratch," says Thompson. Market Square is the first departure from the waterfront's traditional role of servicing the industries around it. There are virtually no open areas, and there's less room to manoeuvre than in other waterfront cities. Saint John has also lost some fine historical buildings.

Halifax-Dartmouth. Since both federal and provincial governments pulled back from office-building plans this year, the three-year-old Waterfront Development Corporation (WDC) has begun a major revision of its scheme. A provin-

cial building and federal Fisheries complex were to be keystones in the development; but Halifax, with the highest vacancy rate in Canada, can't stand more office space. Plans for additional retail and hotel facilities have also been shelved. But despite what Hugh Thomas, president of the provincial crown corporation, calls "a loss of a bit of budget money for the time being," work is going ahead.

WDC is looking hard at possible locations for a permanent farmers' market. Harbour Walk, a public walkway skirting parts of the waterfront in Halifax and Dartmouth is well underway. It's meant to get pedestrians down to the area. Most of the action, however, is underground. Streets are dug up to install underground wiring and sewers: Not very exciting, but important. By summer the roads and gutters will get a working-over and new wrought-iron pole lamps will brighten streets.

Historic Properties, a complex of restored 19th-century buildings filled with pubs, restaurants and exclusive shops, began waking the waterfront up in 1975. But planners want it to bustle. Halifax's restaurants, shopping and entertainment centres are scattered about the city, making it impossible to walk easily from one spot to another. WDC hopes to pull these activities together and give the old city core more sparkle. Real vitality on the waterfront probably won't happen till more Haligonians live there, and they won't move in till the area is cleaned up. Planners keep this in mind as they plug away.

New ferry terminals to replace Halifax-Dartmouth's aging grand-dames are being built. The 111-year-old Robertson Hardware building, extended by a new wing, will house the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic. Interesting old buildings and a view of the harbor around Robertson's should attract lunch-time strollers. One block up, the old city fire hall is destined to become a restaurant, and round



Halifax: It wants people actually living on the waterfront

the Halifax ferry terminal, Chebucto Landing, an 18th-century market place and public square, is being re-created with an updated look.

Across the harbor, downtown Dartmouth needs rejuvenation. It has an unsurpassed harbor view, attractive hilly terrain and lots of land. But the main shopping area is a shambles of run-down stores and greasy-spoons. Queens Square, a 17-storey office tower, has remained almost empty since it opened three years ago.

So far WDC has contributed only Harbour Walk, a pathway lined with potted plants and benches. But Nova Scotia's Development Minister Roland Thornhill is an MLA for Dartmouth. In February he announced a \$3.6 million WDC package, including \$1 million for street and home improvements and a move by the Public Utilities Board to Queens Square. The package was good news for Dartmouth, just as the sudden flourishing of waterfront plans in four other old Atlantic communities has been good news for everyone who believes that what gives these places their character is mostly the fact that they are cities by the sea.

### **Nova Scotia**



When the Tories cancelled the convention centre, the Post's MacNeil fumed

# Is Cape Breton paying for electing no tories?

n 1820, when Cape Breton Island was annexed by Nova Scotia, the British Colonial Office proposed to soften the blow by appointing a Commissioner of Cape Breton Affairs. But Lt. Governor Sir James Kempt was opposed to the idea. "Cape Breton," he insisted, "will be treated just like distant Yarmouth." One hundred and fifty nine years later, the prospect of being treated "just like distant Yarmouth" is still on Cape Breton's mind. Yarmouth County and Cape Breton are the two areas that escaped the Conservative tide that engulfed the rest of Nova Scotia last September. Cape Breton now feels the disquiet of a region that relies heavily on Government largesse but finds itself without one member on the government side. What will happen to Sysco, the provincially owned steel plant that needs millions of dollars in aid if it is to survive? What will happen to the dozens of special projects that a region relies on its cabinet ministers to wrest from government?

For months, Cape Bretoners waited for John Buchanan to give some hint of the answer to these questions. Then, in January, he announced the cancelling of the \$4.7-million convention centre and auditorium that the Regan government had promised to build in Sydney. Cape Breton Post executive editor Ian Mac-

Neil responded with a stinging attack on Buchanan in his popular weekly gossip column, Chit-Chat. MacNeil, a lifelong Tory whose infrequent bursts of editorial outrage are usually directed at such topics as vandalism in cemetaries or fistfights at high-school dances, accused Buchanan of using the steel crisis as an excuse to jettison other government-supported projects on the island. Many dismissed MacNeil's tirade as a case of sour grapes. The convention centre was a pet project of his, but others saw it as an expensive luxury for a city with pressing financial problems.

"There were too many if's," said Sydney's newly elected mayor, Manning MacDonald, a New Democrat. "It was supposed to cost \$5 million, but what if it ended up costing \$8 million? The annual deficit was supposed to be \$100,000, but what if it turned out to be half a million?" Not surprisingly, Cape Breton Conservatives echoed MacDonald's doubts. "It's hard for a guy on UIC to get hepped up about the loss of a centre to advance his culture," said Donald MacLeod, a Cape Breton County councillor who ran for the Tories in Cape Breton West.

But if MacNeil's outrage over the loss of the convention centre is not widely shared, apprehension over the

island's prospects for the next four years is nearly universal. Cape Bretoners of all political stripes fear that an all-mainland cabinet will inevitably reflect the mainland anti-Cape Breton bias. "There's a feeling that enough money has been poured into Cape Breton to sink a fleet of battleships," says NDP leader Jeremy Akerman, "a feeling that Cape Bretoners are a bunch of indigent layabouts. They'll deny it if you ask them, but under the surface, it's there."

Sandy Reeves, the former chairman and now board member of the Nova Scotia Power Corporation, concurs. "After a couple of drinks," he says, "the snide comments about Cape Breton start to come out." Defeated Tories head the list of those predicting tough times ahead for Cape Breton. "We'll get the ordinary things that every area gets," said Jim MacDonald, a Sydney River contractor who lost to Liberal Ozzie Fraser in Cape Bretonthe Lakes, "but we will not get those extras that you'd have to have someone in government to fight for." MacDonald says fiscal restraint will be so severe in the first two years of the Buchanan administration that few projects will get underway in Cape Breton.

Vince MacLean, whose 4,000-seat plurality in the September election makes him the island's Liberal kingmaker and a contender to replace party leader Gerald Regan, foresees a similar strategy but ascribes it to different motives. "For two and a half years, they'll be mighty tough," he says of the new administration, "then they'll open the gates and say, 'aren't we nice to you?" "MacLean recites a litany of projects, started by the Liberals, from which Buchanan has begun to back off: The convention centre, a tree nursery at Strathlorne, Inverness Co., a clean-up of Sydney's grossly polluted Muggah

Creek, and a wilderness park near

Inverness.

With regard to Sydney Steel, Buchanan's podium-thumping pledges of support for modernization during the election have become demands for federal money. Yet there is concern that the growing coolness between Buchanan and Deputy Prime Minister Allan MacEachen may jeopardize federal-provincial co-operation on Sysco. MacLean says several of the projects cancelled or scaled down by the Buchanan government are in MacEachen's riding, and that this tactlessness is in sharp contrast to the way other premiers treat federal cabinet ministers.

The new administration has even managed to spread gloom over the one cheerful part of Cape Breton's economy: The coal industry, which has been given new life by the increasing price of oil. So attractive is Cape Breton coal that the Nova Scotia Power Corporation is constructing the first two of four planned 150-megawatt coal-fired generating stations at Lingan, near New Waterford. A new mine is planned for Donkin, near Glace Bay, to supply the Lingan stations. But by agreeing to buy into New Brunswick's Point Lepreau nuclear power plant as the price of admission to a Maritime Energy Corporation, Buchanan has thrown into doubt the last two Lingan stations and the Donkin mine. Buchanan himself acknowledges that the province's purchase of Lepreau power may render some of the electricity from Lingan One and Two "surplus." If so, then the chances for Lingan Three and Four are shaky, and the Premier will have

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Some

toral fealty

Buchanan: How could a Sydney boy be so mean?

out for a decade. NDP leader Jeremy Akerman doesn't agree. He has a theory that certain constituencies are government ridings: They always vote for the side that's expected to win, and the only time they end up with an opposition member is when an upset occurs. "Vince MacLean may have the largest plurality in the province," Akerman says, "but he's still one of the most vulnerable sitting members. Whenever Cape Breton South finds itself with an opposition member, it goes crawling and whimpering back to the government's side.

Whichever strategy Buchanan follows, the absence of Tory seats on the island leaves the opposition parties in an enviable position. If the government does come through with any of the projects Cape Bretoners are seeking, political benefits are sure to rub off on the sitting members. If the island is shut off, the Opposition can denounce the government as vindictive and concerned only with the welfare of Halifax. Either way, the results of last fall's election seem certain to increase the distance between Nova Scotia's very own - Parker Barss Donham two solitudes.

#### Newfoundland

## **Nearer my Cod** To Thee

e've selected one aspect of the North Atlantic's life cycle. It happens to be the cod," announced Miller Ayre, self-styled codordinator of a new codservation society known as Codpeace, "The cod has given so much to us Newfoundlanders." Launched at a St. John's Rotary Club meeting, Codpeace has hit the airwaves, shopping malls and high seas with its message: Save the defenceless cod from attack by the vicious harp seal.

"We've had a lot of codverts," says a straight-faced Ayre, who claims his group is deadly serious, "The primary aim of Codpeace is to find uncodflicting facts about the state of the cod." In the short time since the organization's birth last January it claims to have done a surprising number of scientific studies establishing, among other things, that seals suffer from codstipation when they eat too much and that attacks by seals frighten young cod out of their schools and make them grow up stupid.

Conscious of the value of publicity, Codpeace has already chosen a spokescod: She's Cuddles, a perky two-yearold who dresses in calico and wears a bow in her hair. Cuddles visits shopping centres in Newfoundland to explain how she and her family are at the mercy of the cruel Heinrich Von Harp. Locally marketed T-shirts show Cuddles and her brother and sister, Tommy and Connie, being attacked by horrible Heinrich who sports a jagged-tooth grin and eye patch. She'll also autograph 8 x 10 glossies of herself and family or pass out buttons and bumper stickers which say "In cod we trust.'

Codpeace really hit its stride in the preliminaries to this year's annual seal hunt. At a late-February press codference reams of material were released, including a Cuddles comic book and a film in which Newfoundland's favorite cod-daughter was shown being devoured by a band of harp seals. There were mutterings of plans for codverts to handcuff themselves to dories.

Miller Ayre claims the Codpeace idea arose out of something he read in Karl Popper's Conjectures and Refutations: the Growth of Scientific Discovery. According to Popper, one should do the least amount of harm



Beware Greenpeace. Codpeace is on the march rather than the greatest amount of good. Then, reasoned Ayre, why not create a balance for Greenpeace, the international anti-sealing movement? Recollecting Shakespeare's famous warning to all cod, "Beware the hides of March," Ayre set the seal on his plan. His codmandos have infiltrated every rocky crevice of Newfoundland and \$5-memberships which include a picture of Cuddles plus bumper stickers and pins are going like, well, codcakes. Paid-up members can take part in the Festival of the Easter Seal or attend the feast of Yum Flipper. They also receive a newsletter and get their names shout-

ed three times on the ice floes. "We haven't heard from our sister organization, Greenpeace," admits Ayre, "although we have offered to swap donors' lists." Elsewhere, though, the movement continues to gather strength. Bumper stickers are showing up on dories, long-liners, even on the Funk Islands. And creative codverts have been coming up with their own suggestions for catch-phrases: "Avocodos are a seal's favorite food"; "Flipper pie, the paws that refreshes"; and, "Battered cod ends up in the frying

Not even the United States is immune to Codpeace's outreach. Anyone who boycods a vacation in Canada is being informed that a seal will be killed in protest, Codpeace also plans a offensive against anti-sealing interests, including a blunt ultimatum for President Codder: Unless the American government revokes its codemnation of the hunt, guerrilla groups of swilers will sneak into Washington and steal both the presidential seal and the great seal of the republic.

Codpeace expects to be around for awhile. Spontaneous outbreaks of "Cod guard thee Newfoundland" are becoming common at local fish flakes and Ayre and company are heartened by the response to their great cuddle-off contest in which famous personalities had the opportunity to kiss a cod (see page 46). Cod bless. - Susan Sherk

Susan Sherk's husband is Miller Ayre, Codpeace Codfather.

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ATLANTIC INSIGHT, APRIL, 1979

#### **New Brunswick**

# A zoo story, with a sad ending

Paul and Pam loved animals but someone did not love them

Then Paul and Pam May abandoned the Cherry Brook Zoo to the people of Saint John this winter it was as if Noah had abandoned the ark. But then Noah didn't have a board of directors; all the wicked had been destroyed in the flood. The Saint John of last summer, however, can't really be compared to Noah's world. While the zoo was moving from obscure Garnett Settlement to Saint John's Rockwood Park wilderness playground, little rain fell for 40 days and 40 nights. This proves wickedness was absent in the actions of the zoo board, which consists of Rotarians, Kiwanians, professionals, business executives and school trustees.

So what if there's a \$35,000 unfinished monkey house, built by a board member without a tender call? So what if another board member charged the zoo for 40 hours of work two of his company employees never did on the prairie dog pit? So what if the city gave the zoo \$15,000 to see the Mays through the '77-'78 winter yet the zoo's cheques bounced when the Mays refused to sign a paper stripping them of an effective voice in the zoo's future? Peccadillos, really. In the eternal scheme of things, probably not worth a

wisp of fog.

The Cherry Brook Zoo was conceived in Manitoba. Paul, a former soldier who looks younger than a man born in the Depression, drove a truck at Winnipeg's Assiniboine Zoo. There he met Pam, a farm girl with some experience as a zoo-keeper. She loved her furry creatures, and he longed to return to his native Maritimes. They married, merged their money and their dreams and, in the spring of '74, showed up in Saint John with a trainload of exotic animals. They set up shop on a patch of rocky land beside a pile of junked cars a mile down a narrow road from a remote city boundary. The locals flocked to Garnett Settlement to see Tibetan yaks, Chinese leopards and Siberian tigers. But tourists couldn't find the spot.

The Mays' idea had been to assemble a zoo, demonstrate its value to the city, and then work out an arrangement with interested authorities or backers. They captured the hearts of the people, but, except for a \$5,000 handout in the winter of '75-'76, the politicians kept them at arm's length. A breakthrough nearly came in '76. "Moncton had been watching us for some time and they wanted the zoo up there," Paul says. "Mayor Gary Wheeler said Moncton was considering putting up several hundred thousand dollars if it could get a matching contribution from the province. But when Saint John heard the province might help Moncton, the deal fell through.' Up to that point, official Saint John had showed so little interest that the Mays couldn't even get free gravel for the zoo's postage-stamp-sized parking lot.

The board chairman is Fred Roemmele, an honorable do-gooder who used to be Atlantic sales manager of International Harvester equipment. He visited the zoo in 1976 and learned that the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission was considering shutting off the electricity. So he gave Paul \$20. Then he told the Rothesay-Kings Rotary Club that helping the zoo would be a worthwhile project. Soon he helped get backing from the Saint John Kiwanis Club, and a joint board was set up. Negotiations opened with the city for a spot at Rockwood Park (where Paul had played as a boy) and public assistance. All was sweetness between the Mays and the board until February 22, 1978. By then, the city had put up \$15,000 and the people had volunteered \$27,000. May insists the understanding was that the board would hold the zoo "in trust" for the people of Saint John. But the key words were missing from the legal document he was shown on that day. "I was told to sign or else," he says.

The Mays wouldn't sign. Paul said he was told the board would be answerable to no one, not even to its members' own clubs. "Suddenly the zoo's cheques started to bounce, even though we had the city's \$15,000 in the bank. I called the bank and the assistant manager asked, 'Have you signed?' We could have sold our animals and materials and come out with \$50,000. But we wanted to save the zoo. So, hoping things would work out, we signed on March 10." Things did not work out.

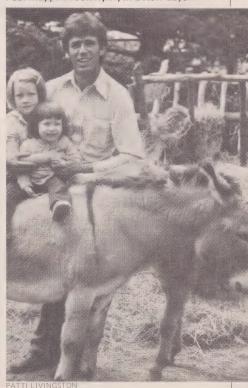
In November, the Mays shocked Saint John. They announced they were quitting at the very moment their dream had come true. An orgy of public recriminations and personal insults followed and, by December, the Mays were gone. A nervous city fretted about the care of its beloved animals: 26 species now in the hands of former helpers and a manager who had never been to a zoo before.

The public, including children, gave \$6,500 to make sure the animals had food for the winter. Dr. Robert Peteroff, a young vet who came to Canada from Holland three years ago, volunteered to keep an eye on things. He had once taken a course in exotic animals at the zoo in Utrecht. Seward Mac-Donald, retired director of tourism for the city, valiantly tried to maintain the public's confidence. He promised no repetition of the monkey-house fiasco-there would be tendering-and predicted the zoo would attract enough visitors to its choice new site next summer to put the operation on the

But the biggest attraction of all is gone. Mr. and Mrs. Noah. Pam, bruised and hurt, is with their young daughter on her parents' farm in Manitoba. Paul, jobless, haunted by a zoo vision that cannot be, is back in Saint John. The Cherry Brook Zoo was their whole life and for now, at least, they have nothing. Not even themselves.

- Jon Everett

Paul May, ex-zookeeper, in better days



ATLANTIC INSIGHT, APRIL, 1979

#### **Prince Edward Island**

# Industrial parks: Good deals That may be just too good

Aldmanis. . .Bricklin. . .Clairtone . . .Come-By-Chance. They're a kind of dishonor roll for Atlantic Canada. They were dreams of prosperity that ended in bankruptcy and left the impression our governments were rubes ripe for the taking by any city slicker with three walnut shells and a pea. Prince Edward Island had its own development disaster in the late Sixties when Georgetown Industries collapsed and Scandinavian promoter Jens Moe, once the darling of Walter Shaw's Tory government, left the Island a bagful of debts.

Alex Campbell's Liberals were determined not to be taken but, like every Atlantic administration, they were also determined to free their province from total dependence on farming, fishing and tourism. The strategy they chose under the federally financed 15-year development plan was to establish "mini-industries," a concept that had the double attraction not only of fitting in with the Campbell government's "small is beautiful" philosophy, but also of protecting the Island from such folies de grandeur as Georgetown Industries.

The policy, as set out by John Maloney, the pedantic gynecologist who became Minister of Industry and Commerce in 1971 and Development Minister in 1972, was to attract to the Island small companies making specialized products. Such companies might employ only a few dozen people but, collectively, that could mean thousands of jobs. Moreover, the failure of any single firm would now be a provincial disaster. The centrepiece was the province's creation of industrial parks: Landscaped and serviced real estate complete with architecturally homogenous small plants ready to house the right industries.

The first park opened in the Charlottetown suburb of West Royalty in 1975, and now more than two dozen firms are there. Another park opened outside Summerside last year, and others are in the works at Souris and Kensington. So far, apparently, so good. PEI's industrial development program gets admired by observers from away. And Industrial Enterprises Incorporated (IEI), the crown corporation set up to manage the parks, directs an aggressive band of recruiters as they scour North America and Europe for suitable firms.

But for many months rumors have circulated at home that some firms in the West Royalty park are already in deep financial trouble. Only one—Calypso Limited, which makes sunglasses—has actually gone bankrupt. (IEI took it over and continues to run it). Others, however, are said to be kept going only through fresh government loans, suspension of interest payments on earlier loans, and similar emergency measures.

Further scuttlebut concerns the complicated system of loans, grants and rent-free quarters that the parks use to attract industries. A foreign businessman is alleged to have said a company would be foolish not to "take advantage" of the deals IEI offers. Moreover, a judicial inquiry severely criticized Rex Grose, managing director of IEI, for the part he played as Chairman of the Manitoba Development Fund in setting up a giant forest-products development in that province. It collapsed with an even more resounding crash than Bricklin.

Some of the bad rumors became concrete charges this winter. George MacMahon, the dogged Summerside lawyer who's financial critic for the Tories, made specific allegations about IEI's arrangements with several companies, including Benner Industries, a West German ski manufacturer, and Belrive Fashions, a clothing company. He accused IEI of breaking its own regulations, and demanded the provincial auditor examine the books at West Royalty.

At first, he ran into a stone wall. Industry Minister Maloney does not suffer critics graciously, and his longest answer is usually "no comment." In another cabinet, his colleagues might have pressured him to reply in detail. But in the Island government he has established (against unformidable competition) almost complete intellectual domination. And besides, he says he'll quit politics at the next election anyway.

Premier Bennett Campbell did eventually say something. He confirmed the validity of some of MacMahon's charges but insisted that IEI had done nothing seriously irregular or financially imprudent. He rejected MacMahon's demand that the provincial auditor look

at the books, saying it was common to have private firms audit the records of crown corporations and that no company would willingly have its arrangements with IEI made public.

The government's reply to the criticism is that it creates a bad climate in which to attract new companies. No one is really neutral in the affair, but one agency might be able to take a more detached view than either government or the opposition. It's the Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE), whose approval is necessary for virtually every venture that IEI undertakes. DREE officials insist they have no real worries about any of the companies IEI has recruited.

They acknowledge some are indeed in difficulty, but argue this is normal among manufacturers getting into production. They say the prospects for the larger companies at West Royalty range from good to excellent. And since it could be the Tories who will govern PEI during the last five years of the development plan, DREE officials have been briefing opposition leaders. If the Tories do take over, George MacMahon will at last get a look at those books.



Maloney: The best answer is no answer

MacMahon: Let's look at the books



#### Canada

# The Eastern Connection in Trudeau's office

Maritime Mafia? Or just good old boys from down east – By Richard Gwyn

an a guy who's crazy enough to get himself aboard an overbooked Air Canada flight by convincing ticket clerks he's a psychiatrist coddling a potentially violent patient possibly survive in a town where a single rash word may turn a man of promise into an instant has-been?

Can an unaffected, unpretentious, unapologetic hustler compete -- that is, discreetly dodge elbows while sticking out a few of his own -- with the established Ottawa courtiers who've watched other brash hustlers arrive and smiled Cheshire cat grins as they left? And the most intriguing question of all, can a mouthy, funny, practical-joking extrovert get along well with an icy philosopher-king?

Arnie Patterson's replacement of Dick O'Hagan as Prime Minister Trudeau's Adviser on Communications -the title means Press Secretary -- has produced both smiles and frowns in Ottawa. Some of the smiles are on the faces of Press Gallery reporters with memories of Patterson in the sensational heyday of the old Toronto Telegram. That was before he went home to Halifax - Dartmouth for fun and fortune. "He's just a hell of a guy," one reporter recalls, "and enthusiastic about anything he does, including raising hell." Liberal strategists are also smiling. They're betting that, while the press doesn't like Trudeau, newsmen and newswomen will like Patterson. "His job," one insider says, "will be to spend time in Press Clubs across Canada."

Here's where the frowns come in. Reporters vividly remember how Trudeau manipulated them in the '74 election: He kept them at a distance, but he also kept them happy. He provided easy copy. He hopped in and out of trains and jumped aboard hot air balloons. Margaret declared, "He taught me all about loving." Now, some reporters are wondering if the likeable Arnie Patterson is not the point man in a new game of media manipulation.

"Sure, I'm an enthusiast, a promoter if you want," Patterson told Atlantic Insight. "But I believe in the press, I really do. I don't believe in jollying up reporters with drinks. I want to see them get access to Mr. Trudeau, to ask him any no-holds-barred ques-

tions they want." As to how he'll fare in the infighting with such courtiers as chief political aide Jim Coutts and chief civil service aide Michael Pitfield, Patterson remarks, "Well, I know more about the press than they do," He paused, then added, "and maybe I know

more about business,

too."

By late winter, one knew whether the Trudeau - Patterson chemistry was flaring or fusing. "Arnie's not as bright or subtle as O'Hagan," one insider said, "but his sheer enthusiasm and energy may connect with Trudeau in a way that O'Hagan never quite could." Patterson has taken the job only till the elec-tions's over. He's rented an apartment in Ottawa, and his wife Glo (for Glovena) commutes from Halifax because, as Arnie confesses, "I'm a terrible bachelor. I never get round to going to bed.'

Patterson, 50, may be rare among exjournalists: He's made money. He's made it in every-

thing from Dartmouth Radio Station CFDR to restaurants, building companies and a clutch of directorships. As an easterner in Trudeau's office, however, he'll just be one of the crowd. Proportionately, there are more easterners around Trudeau than there are power-brokers from any other region.

"I know you'd like me to say there's a Maritime Mafia, but it just doesn't exist," Brian Flemming says. He's a Halifax lawyer who's now Trudeau's Number One Policy Adviser. "Out of the office, we aren't especially close. But in it, we find we talk the same

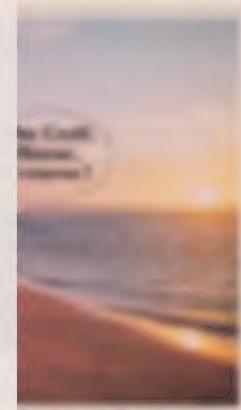
language, have common references, and just can talk more easily to each other." But the old-boy network may be more significant than common regional attitudes. O'Hagan, when he wanted to replace himself, turned naturally to Patterson. They'd been students to-



Patterson: How good with his elbows?

gether at St. Mary's University, Halifax, and had stayed in touch ever since. Flemming, too, was recruited by his predecessor, Mike Kirby, a former aide to ex-Nova Scotia Premier Gerald Regan. Besides Flemming, who'll leave to run as Halifax candidate in the election, those who may make Patterson feel at home in Trudeau's office include:

Helen Wilson, Guysborough County, N. S., Correspondence Secretary, who runs close to half the staff (38 out of 90), and churns out 250,000 letters a year.



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# The Eastern Consumbanco

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Jim Moore, Halifax, a speechwriter. Flemming recommended him in 1971 to Allan MacEachen, now Deputy Prime Minister. Later, Moore joined Trudeau.

Anne-Marie Kelly, Woodstock, N. B., O'Hagan's birthplace, Research Assistant and back-room veteran who organized Trudeau's first nomination as a Liberal candidate in 1965.

Joan Forsey, St. John's, Newfoundland, recently resigned as a Research Assistant but, before leaving, recommended Trudeau's correspondence unit hire Jenney Trapnell, a Newfoundlander who'd moved to Halifax. Eastern girls too, have a network on high.

ewer than a dozen of Trudeau's staff have real influence, but the inner group includes at least three east-

**Brian Flemming** 



Helen Wilson

erners: Patterson, Flemming, Wilson. The reason for the imbalance may be that Maritimers are born partisan; down by the seaside, party labels stick like rockweed. To Tories and Grits alike. Indeed, if Patterson, Flem-ming and Wilson find themselves changing their career goals soon, they can blame fellow-bluenoser and Conservative Campaign Strategist Lowell Murray. His home is Cape Breton. His closest political ally is Flora MacDonald also comes from Cape Breton; and her mentor was once Dalton Camp. Like O'Hagan and Anne-Marie Kelly, comes from Woodstock. What is it about Woodstock? A final link:

Patterson When posed as a psychiatrist to con his way

aboard an Air Canada flight, his potentially violent "patient" was Finlay MacDonald, yet another Cape Breton Islander and the former president of CJCH TV, Halifax. He was the top man in the Ottawa office of one Bob Stanfield and, at the time, dedicated to the political annihilation of everything that Patterson and his Grit buddies still stood for.

Author and broadcaster Richard Gwyn lives in Ottawa and writes about political affairs for assorted Canadian newspapers.



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### International

# Why the seal-hunt haters won't dry up and blow away

- by Bruce Little

ow do you argue with a Sven Wahlberg? What do you say to a man who thinks (a) it's all right to kill a lamb, but not a harp seal pup, (b) it's fine to kill an older animal, but not a "baby" and (c) because Newfoundlanders kill wild animals, they are murderers? But maybe it's not fair to start with him. He was not typical of the 16 Europeans with whom I discussed the seal hunt on

livelihoods, we indulged in what we all knew was a media circus. The press, the protesters and the anti-protesters manipulated one another for the gratification of an audience more concerned with showmanship than fact.

Fact has long since given way to propaganda, on both sides of the argument. Newfoundlanders are far too fond of proclaiming the threat to their fishery posed by the fish-eating seal—an assertion which lacks any sound biological basis. But most of the propaganda, and outright falsehoods, have

proper management of the herd. But even the most cautious biologists say the herd is stable.

Those are the two issues that dominate North American coverage of the seal hunt. And as I boarded the plane in Halifax for my four-cities-in-five-days tour, I was set to deal with people who had been listening only to Greenpeace, IFAW, RSPCA or FFA. For anyone who had read the RSPCA veterinary report which called the hunt "brutal," I could cite a view by veterinary pathologist Harry Rowsell of the University



The philosophical debate is too great. What do you say to a man who thinks Newfoundlanders who kill seals are "murderers"?

a recent trip to Frankfurt, Amsterdam, The Hague and Stockholm. A mixture of journalists, civil servants and conservationists, most were more open-minded and curious about the hunt than I had expected.

There were six of us on the road that week at the request (and expense) of the Newfoundland government. All were journalists who'd covered the hunt and now, our job was to visit cities in Europe and the United States and tell our counterparts and others what we knew about it. We weren't asked to win converts, only to let people know there was a side to the story they weren't getting from the protesters.

Still, I was leery of the whole idea. The seal hunt debate is not one of the world's great storehouses of rational dialogue. Nor was the week I had once spent in St. Anthony covering the antics of Brian Davies, Brigitte Bardot, Yvette Mimieux, Franz Weber and Greenpeace one of my happiest memories. Miles from the hunt itself, where men risked their lives for a meagre addition to their

come from the protesters. The problem is that there isn't just one seal hunt argument; there are at least three.

The cruelty argument is the mainstay of Davies' International Fund for Animal Welfare (IFAW) and of newcomers to the protest business such as Britain's Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (RSPCA) and Cleveland Amory's Fund for Animals (FFA) in the United States. That view has been discredited by seasoned veterinarians and humane society officials who have observed the hunt often and closely. Still, it thrives, fed by its emotional content: Harp seal pups are undeniably cute and the outdoor abattoir on the Newfoundland ice is undeniably not pleasant to watch.

Greenpeace relies for its battle cry on Cassandra-like warnings that the harp seal is being slaughtered to the brink of extinction. There is no biological evidence for that contention. Greenpeace is at the extreme edge of a more legitimate scientific debate over what level of quota is consistent with

of Ottawa, who said the RSPCA vet's conclusions were an "embarrassment" to the profession. For anyone who thought clubbing a seal pup to death was cruel, I would present the findings of U.S. researchers who tried more than a dozen methods of killing seals and concluded that the technique used in Newfoundland-stunning and bleeding out-is by far the most humane. For anyone who had read a Swedish study which said the seal herd was dwindling, I would pull out the comments of Canadian biologists who said the report's authors had a "naive grasp" of the subject. For Greenpeace fans, I had a radio transcript in which ex-Greenpeacer Paul Watson told Barbara Frum of CBC's "As It Happens" that the organization attacked the seal hunt because it was "the easiest issue to raise funds on...The seal hunt has always turned a profit for the Greenpeace Foundation." All that, and statistics too: Numbers of seal population, numbers on the economic impact of the hunt, numbers on the income and spending of protest organizations.

But none of it prepared me for Sven Wahlberg, who represents the third broad strain of the seal hunt debate—the moral-ethical side. Wahlberg is secretary-general of the Swedish branch of the World Wildlife Fund (WWF). He was the most radical of those I met in his opposition to the hunt, and, in his absolute assurance of his own moral superiority, the smuggest.

I had expected to run into people who feel man should not kill animals period. It's a view I can accept as consistent and unhypocritical from a vegetarian. But the fine distinctions Wahlberg drew left me almost speechless. Animals have rights equal to those of humans, he argued, but it's okay to kill domesticated animals like sheep and cows and pigs because they are there "for man's use."

So how do you argue with a Sven Wahlberg? The answer is simple: You don't. The gulf is too great, the philosophical differences too irreconcilable for intelligent debate. Richard Cashin, president of the Newfoundland Fishermen's Union, would include him among the "urban pagans" who would give the seal a soul.

Wahlberg's passion on the question stood out for several reasons. Most of the people I'd met up to that point had been calm and inquisitive. D.A.C. Van Den Hoorn, the wildlife editor of *De Telegraaf*, Amsterdam's largest newspaper, was almost too reasonable. I'd been told he had written articles opposing the hunt. But he was a nice man; too nice, it seemed, to ask me nasty questions. I just had to keep talking until I stumbled on the issue (population, as it turned out) which bothered him most.

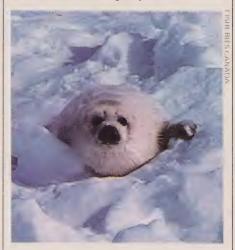
Norman Van Swelm, reporter in The Hague, asked the best questions. He was interested in conservation and already lobbying the Canadian embassy for permission to cover the hunt from one of the sealing ships. I loaded him up with information and left hoping he would get to the hunt. He struck me as someone who would probably write a fair account.

Another reason Wahlberg surprised me was that I had already met people in Germany and the Netherlands from his own organization—the World Wildlife Fund. Their German secretary-general, Dr. Eberhart Lasson, even offered to publish a short article I'd written on the hunt. And in Holland, I had spent a thoroughly enjoyable 80 minutes talking to N.F. Halbertsma, the director of the Dutch branch of the WWF.

Halbertsma did not favor preserving wildlife for the sake of preserving wildlife. He believed man's responsibility was to manage sensibly the world's wildlife resources and their habitats: "We should live off the interest, not the

capital." It was a rational conservation ethic.

His concerns were those of WWF International, which the previous day had issued—jointly with its sibling organization, the International Union for Conservation of Nature (IUCN)- a statement on the seal hunt. It would have been useful to have known then what Mac Mercer of the federal Fisheries department told me later-that before making its last two annual pronouncements on the issue, WWF-IUCN has either not convened or not listened to its two scientific committees which deal with seals. But at the time, I was struck by the statement's moderate tone, its mild criticism of this year's 180,000-seal quota. Compared with the emotion-laden harangues of the protesters-cum-fund-raisers I knew at home WWF looked like a pussycat.



The next day in Stockholm, Sven Wahlberg disabused me of that notion. Clearly, not all WWF national organizations toed the line set by head office in Morges, Switzerland. But Wahlberg was accompanied to our meeting by Dr. Lee Talbot, an American biologist who is scientific adviser to the WWF in Morges. Talbot ran through a list of objections to the biological research on which the quotas are based. His technical arguments kept me busy for days after I got home. I interviewed half a dozen Canadian biologists familiar with the harp seal.

They confirmed what I knew. The scientists disagree, but their differences are narrow. The two wings of the debate—those who favor smaller quotas and those who feel present quotas are cautious enough—are far closer than the public disputes between hunt supporters and protesters would indicate. There is an abundance of studies available—some good, some bad and all riddled with enough proper academic qualifications to offer comfort to both sides.

"Any position you want to take on the harp seal can be supported by the published literature," says Dr. Patrick Lett, a Dartmouth, N.S. biologist who is co-author of a major study on the harp seal population. That fact alone would ensure the survival of the seal hunt controversy even if the more self-interested protest groups all packed it in. Even for respectable conservation groups, though, the seal hunt poses a real dilemma—one suggested to me by several people, though they did not want to be quoted.

Many conservationists worry that the furore over the seal hunt will divert public concern away from more serious issues such as the preservation of wild-life habitats and wetlands which are threatened by the encroachment of civilization. But for a conservation group to support the hunt is to risk being labelled a sell-out before a public already emotionally conditioned to believe the protesters. And that label could cripple its efforts to raise funds.

Newfoundlanders must accept the fact that they will find few allies outside Canada in their fight to turn world public opinion around. They can only hope the issue can be defused to the point where it will simply go away. In every city I visited, I got the same message: Public interest in the seal hunt is dwindling. A Frankfurt journalist said his paper was no longer interested in the hunt. Canadian officials in both The Hague and Stockholm worried that I would stir up the whole issue just when it was beginning to die down.

That may, of course, have been little more than the lull before the annual storm that begins in March. Ten days after I got back home, the press was carrying-as it always will in such cases-the story of a man who climbed the Eiffel Tower to protest the seal hunt. More to the point is an item sold in Swedish shops that is popular with schoolchildren-a post-card size picture of a harp seal pup, beautiful big eyes and all. On a child's wall, it is a constant reminder of what happens each year to many of the pups. Until he or she is much older, that child is unlikely to inquire about the complex issues involved in harvesting one of the ocean's natural resources 4,000 kilometres

Newfoundland's campaign to get across its side of the story may win the fairness of a few journalists and a more neutral view of the hunt in the media. But until another animal comes along—just as cute, just as photogenic, slaughtered in much the same way and truly an endangered species—no campaign in the world is going to obliterate entirely the emotional response which those pictures generate every day of the year in thousands of children's minds. And they are the Sven Wahlbergs of tomorrow.



Oil still dominates our energy picture

# Say good-bye to cheap energy

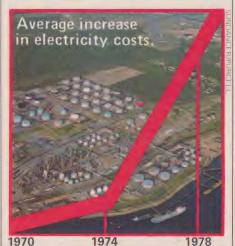
An inquiry into the high cost of not freezing in the dark.—By Ralph Surette

n the first flush of anger it was simple: Electricity costs were rising out of sight and there had to be both a solution and a villain. After all, how long could one stare at a \$600-bill for one month's electricity without feeling a rise in personal voltage? In Nova Scotia, the villain-hunt led to the fingering of Gerald A. Regan. Despite his protestations that the real culprits were OPEC sheiks, the voters turfed him out as premier.

But the search for a solution did not enjoy the same swift success. Indeed, it led to endless complication. Answers to the Atlantic region's energy problems-tidal power, nuclear energy, liquid gas, Gull Island hydroelectricity, offshore oil, power grids, coal-dangle hypnotically before our eyes. The danglers are often politicians who tiresomely argue that, if it weren't for the stupidity on the far side of the legislative chamber, all these miraculous solutions could come about the day after tomorrow. The politicians leave us alone to decipher the more obscure and ominous message: That the cost of these things may well be atrocious, that untapped energy can never again be cheap energy. It may not even be affordable energy.

Breathes there an easterner who is not perplexed by measures intended to enlighten him about energy: An often contradictory stream of seminars, conferences, subsidies, policies, bills, monitorings, debates, alarums, pronouncements and exhortations. Can one be blamed for asking where, in all that, is the "action"?

Yet there's a moral in the confusion. It's that energy affects virtually everything. Since World War II, the assumption that energy would remain forever cheap has been the very founda-



tion of our industrial society. It has underpinned the building of everything from superhighways to food systems, conveyor belts to jumbo jets, consolidated schools to scattered suburbs. To speak of crisis in energy is to speak of a crisis in society. Or as E.F. Schumacher put it in *Small is Beautiful*, "Energy is for the mechanical world what consciousness is for the human world. If energy fails, everything fails." There are no simple solutions

To put it mildy, however, we must find solutions. To put it grimly, consider this: The high-powered institutes that calculate such matters insist that in the mid-to-late-1980's—later if more reserves turn up, earlier if some influence chokes off the Middle East wells—world demand for oil will outstrip supply.

This means big trouble for everyone, but it means specially big trouble for the Atlantic provinces where oilapart from its other uses—also generates electricity. All of P.E.I.'s electricity comes from oil. Nova Scotia is dependent on it for 62% of its power, Newfoundland and Labrador, and New Brunswick for about 50%. The four provinces, in that order, have the

highest power rates in Canada.

Moreover, our chances of improving the situation are bleak. Every time our subsidized Canadian price (\$13.75 a barrel, but due for a hike July 1) goes up in pursuit of the ever-increasing world price (\$19.10 a barrel after OPEC's recent 14.5% rise) power rates must go up in the Atlantic provinces. Within the next decade, a time may come in which we'll have trouble getting oil for those generators at any price. Exxon's decision this winter to divert crude oil supplies away from east coast Imperial Oil refineries and Ottawa's indication that it's ready to impose rationing on energy use were striking proof of our vulnerability. How do we prepare? What are our choices?

Two opposed ideas compete for domination over energy policy: The "lifeboat instinct" and the "power cow strategy." Atlantic provinces governments, with the exception of P.E.I., want the power cow. Energy must be milked. The people, getting jittery, are hanging close to the lifeboats.

It was during 1976-77 that energy became an emotional issue in eastern Canada. People using electric heating suddenly found themselves with monthly power bills in the hundreds of dollars. Some had their power cut off; they couldn't pay. Some sold their homes, and took the old rut to central Canada and beyond. It's tempting to say nothing has happened since to improve the situation but, in fact, something quite dramatic has happened. The rate of increase in electricity consumption has fallen flat, or nearly so. In Nova Scotia, net consumption has been declining. In P.E.I., it's increasing only marginally. In Newfoundland, the increase last year was 4%; in New Brunswick, it was 7%, still high but only half what it was a couple of years ago.

To appreciate the significance of these declines, remember that, until recently, utilities and governments held that heaven and earth would pass away before consumption of electricity would stop rising by 7% a year or more. Another key indicator is home heating oil. Its use has recently dropped by an average of 5% throughout the region.

The "lifeboat" is mostly conservation: Insulation, lower thermostats, firewood, coal in industrial Cape Breton, and measures such as "passive" solar heat in new homes. (The houses mostly face south and their north walls are tightly insulated.) "Lifeboat" tricks can reduce heating costs up to 40%.

Burning wood or coal, of course, is not conservation, it's substitution. But wood stoves are enjoying a phenomenal increase in sales (see page 23); in Newfoundland alone, more than 5,000 were sold last year. Though statistics are not

plentiful, Maritime departments of forestry report brisk sales of firewood in suburbs and countrysides.

Despite the added trouble of burning wood, the economics are enticing. With an airtight wood stove and a cord or two (at anywhere between \$30 and \$80 a cord) you reduce your electric or oil-heating systems to a backup role. I've done it myself. Some put stoves in their basements, and live down there in the winter. Others make their own stoves with sheet metal and welding equipment. For most the Maritimes in particular. In addition

urbanites, of course, the idea of wood heat conjures up visions of primitives gathering sticks to warm their gruel. But whether you live in the city or the country, if the price of energy gets too high, you'll cut back and you'll find alternatives.

Then there's the power cow. At energy hearings in New York a few years ago, Dr. Aaron Segal described Canada as "a huge power cow" which America should milk to support its Project Independence. He mentioned



For the Loucks it's wood, garden hoses and "navy showers"

### Beat bills with wood, wit, a rubber hose

uth and Ron Loucks and their four children live in Clayton Park, a suburb of Halifax. Their house—in the \$50-\$60,000 price range—has piles of wood stacked in front. "We started thinking seriously about alternate forms of heating about two years ago," says Ruth. "At that time I stopped using my clothes dryer completely. Now, before I do a wash, I call the Bedford weather office to see if it's going to be a good day for drying.'

When the 11-year-old house was built it was equipped with an oil-fired, forced-air furnace. Last fall, the Loucks installed a wood furnace, using the existing ducts, and disconnected the oil furnace; they re-connect it only when they go away. "The fact that we own a woodlot makes it very economical for us—we only have the cost of transporting the wood. We don't use a power saw. With six of us we have three sawing teams. Our nine-year-old daughter is very good." By the end of the winter they will have used a little more than four cords. "A lot of it this year was softwood and windfalls, and it was not dry enough."

Ron plans to add a copper coil to the furnace to heat water. He's also diverted the water entering the hot water tank into coils of garden hose. He'll install these in the roof to be pre-heated by solar energy. Now they hang in the basement where the water is heated by indoor warmth. The Loucks attribute most of the drop in their latest power bill to this; they used 699 fewer kilowatt hours than in the same period last year. Ron estimates that he spent less than \$100 on the plumbing fixtures and garden hose.

The family takes "navy showers": A short blast of water, then soaping and a second blast to rinse off. They also keep taps in good repair. They wish the Power Corporation would publish weekly statistics on electricity consumption, comparing them with the previous week and year. "We get the message on our bill, but only as individuals. People want to know whether their efforts at conserving energy are really counting.

to tidal power, he foresaw a string of nuclear reactors exploiting both our cold ocean water and our environmental complacency.

This was almost funny. The trouble was, however, it so closely meshed with the vearnings of our own government and utility leaders, especially in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. In the early Seventies, Nova Scotia seriously negotiated with American interests who wanted to build a 12-reactor nuclear complex (three times larger than the biggest in the world) on Stoddard Island off southwest Nova Scotia. They'd use undersea cables to ship the power to the U.S. More recently, Premier John Buchanan announced in Maine that the Atlantic provinces have a surplus-and an even larger potential surplus-of electricity that they're anxious to export: tidal, nuclear, thermal and, from Labrador, hydro.

The political attraction of gigantic developments lies in fast jobs but, in energy terms, the attraction is that while we'd export most of the power we'd still get what we need as a sort of by-product. Then, as our own demand grew, we'd cut back on the exports. That's the theory anyway, and its foundation is the idea that demand must continue to sky-rocket. This is why utilities have had such faith in a minimum of 7% annual growth in demand, the rate at which it doubles every ten years. It is also why Regan urged Nova Scotians (and, with initial low rates, even enticed them) to adopt electric heat. The ploy eventually exploded in his face but, when he first used it, the conventional energy wisdom was this: To justify huge projects, demand must keep rising.

But the more electricity costs the more people turn their lights out. And the more big projects tie up capital, the more electricity rates rise, the less power the people use and, therefore, the less we need the projects. Ontario Hydro already faces this dilemma. Some of the generation plants it is now building will go into mothballs the moment they're finished. Since American power companies have the same problem, Ontario Hydro can't sell its surplus electricity to them. Before long, New Brunswick may find itself in the same jam.

Thus, if one horror story is no electricity, the other is vast overcapacity, power we don't need and can't afford but that, through taxes to amortize these monuments to our leaders' energy machismo, we'll still have to pay for.

The grand strategy is an object lesson in the art of complication. Consider Fundy tidal power. In '77, the Fundy Tidal Power Review Board decided rising oil prices had at last made tidal power practical. General rejoicing. The best site, the Board said, was Cumberland Basin, which washes up to Amherst and Sackville. It had a potential of 1,085 megawatts, nearly equal to the entire installed capacity of Nova Scotia. The following March, governments announced a \$30-million, three-year technical study. Trumpet fanfare. Federal Energy Minister Alastair Gillespie said, "Only a disaster can stop Fundy now.'

Or maybe just plain befuddlement. Ottawa had balked at putting up money for tidal power until the provinces had settled their arguments long enough to form the Maritime Energy Corporation (MEC). When MEC was finally launched by a complicated memorandum of agreement in February, Premier Buchanan announced that a decision on Fundy would be one of its first tasks. But no one has agreed yet on who'll pay for what. Both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are leery of laying | power generated at Churchill Falls and

out their \$7 million shares until Fundy has proved itself. In short, we've got high ambitions but little money and the MEC, conceived a full two years ago to plan and build big energy projects for the region, has already given firstpriority commitment to the Point Lepreau nuclear reactor project. The cost of Lepreau, once estimated at \$350 million, has already risen to nearly a billion.

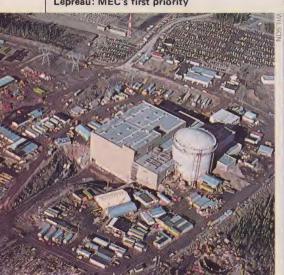
Whether Fundy can ever be a sure thing remains questionable. Assuming it proves workable from an engineering point of view, assuming its builders solve awesome problems of siltation, can we also assume the Americans will want power that's available only at high tide? What about transmission, environmental problems, and what about money? Officially, in 1976 dollars, the Cumberland project will eat \$1.1 billion in capital costs, with the breakeven point 60 years hence! Prof. D.C. Arnold of the Chignecto Research Group estimates that a total power scheme, involving additional developments at Shepody Bay and Minas Basin, might cost \$30 billion (including long-term interest). The fact is, no one knows how much tidal power will cost, but that \$1.1 billion for the Cumberland development may well be absurdly

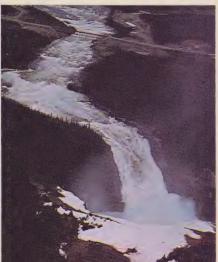
Gull Island is more promising. This site, on the lower Churchill River in Labrador, has a potential for 1,600 megawatts more. At first glance, since hydroelectricity remains a bargain, these sites seem to promise stabilized power rates for both the Maritimes and Newfoundland and Labrador. The catch, however, is delivery. Therein lies yet another can of energy worms.

Newfoundland and Quebec are fighting over an arrangement whereby Quebec, under fixed contract, buys

Churchill Falls: Newfoundland, Quebec fight it out

Lepreau: MEC's first priority







then ships it down to the States at 10 times the price. Naturally enough, Newfoundland and Labrador have gone to court to break the contract. The friction scarcely improves our chances of bringing Gull Island power through Quebec. Quebec insists it has the right to buy power at the Labrador boundary and sell it at whatever price it can get; but, though its position could make a stable arrangement difficult, a contract with Quebec to get Gull Island power to other eastern provinces is still worth pursuing.

Hopes for the alternative "Anglo-Saxon route"—89 miles of cable connecting Labrador power to Cape Breton—dimmed recently when retiring Premier Frank Moores announced a massive industrial development plan for Labrador. Moores made Newfoundland's ambitions clear: Supplying domestic power needs and using cheap energy to generate jobs—for Newfoundlanders. The Anglo-Saxon route could still be studied, he said. But power exports to the Maritimes would take a back seat.

Choices: Fundy may be no choice at all. Labrador hydroelectricity? Maybe, maybe not. New Brunswick has already made a choice—nuclear power—but whether or not the choice was wise depends on what expert you talked with last. Questions abound.

Choices: Nova Scotia, despite its former bluster on behalf of power-cow projects, seems now to have made a more modest choice: Coal-fired electricity. The feds' Cape Breton Development Corporation plans to triple coal output, mostly to supply new coalfired generators. The first of these is due to start producing at Lingan before the year's out. Coal, however, will reduce Nova Scotia's dependence on oil-fired electricity only 20% by 1985. It's just a fraction of an answer.

New Brunswick has been the true practitioner of the grand strategy. Until recently, its energy officials bragged about their "innovative approach." They looked down at neighboring administrations that allowed themselves to be browbeaten by shaggy environmentalists. New Brunswick started to build immense capacity, meant for immediate export to the U.S. but to be recalled as the province's own appetite grew. This was the road to industrial might. The 945-megawatt, oil-fired plant at Coleson Cove-the largest in Canada- was coming on stream. The province was adding capacity to and oil-fired plant at Dalhousie. The nuclear future was opening up.

Then, the oil crisis dimmed the future of Coleson Cove, and the cost of



Wood Stove Store's Zwick: Slowdown after a boom year

### Good old wood stoves. New ones, too

t least 26 stores sell wood stoves in the Atlantic region, most of them in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Nearly all opened for business only within the last three years. "Wood is the only source of alternate energy available right now," says Richard Zwick of the Wood Stove Store in Halifax. He not only sells wood stoves, he uses one for cooking and heating his apartment. October '77 to '78 was an "incredible boom year" for the store, but recent sales have been hit by increasing competition from new distributors and department and hardware stores. His biggest seller is the Norwegian Jøltul which retails at \$650. Robert Boutilier of Boutilier's Craft and Wood Stoves in Timberlea, N.S., also uses what he sells: He heats his store with a Carmor stove, manufactured in Ontario; at \$225 to \$325, it's his biggest seller.

In Newfoundland and Labrador, and Prince Edward Island, sales are slower. Quality Wood Stoves in St. John's reports a poor year, possibly because of competition from cheaper Taiwanese stoves. Gordon MacQueen of P.E.I. Stove Works in Charlottetown says sales are down from last year. He says it's not the poor but the middle and upper classes who are buying, "people who realize energy conservation is crucial."

Most people who buy wood stoves do it to supplement existing sources of heat. A cord of softwood, split and delivered in Halifax now costs \$50 while hardwood costs from \$70 to \$80. Purchasers of wood furnaces often own a woodlot or have other cheap access to wood supplies.

Like retailers, manufacturers of wood stoves face increasingly tough competition. "Until a couple of years ago there were only two wood stove manufacturers in New Brunswick, Enheat and Enterprise Foundry," says Bill Mills, sales manager of Enheat in Sackville, N.B., which makes Fawcett stoves. "Today, there are at least nine." Reluctant to give sales figures, he did say the company showed a 30% increase in wood stove sales in 1976-1977 and 15% last year. He expects another 15% increase this year.

Enterprise Foundry has operated in Sackville since 1872. Their most popular wood-burning products are Franklin fireplaces, cast-iron furnaces they claim achieve an efficiency rating of 82%, (50% to 70% is average), and the "Queen Cook" stove, a revival of a 1909 model which is so popular there's a two-year waiting list.

Lajoie Enterprises in Grand Falls, N.B. has made Fisher wood stoves since late '76; their products retail from \$340 to \$640. David Libby set up Energsave Systems in Oromocto a year and a half ago after selling imported stoves for four years. "I realized that locally manufactured products could make a go of it here."

Except for the Lunenburg Foundry, established in 1891, wood stove manufacturing in Nova Scotia has developed in response to the growing interest in wood heat since 1975. Woodburning furnaces made by W.R. Benjamin Products of Springhill sell right across Canada. Bill Benjamin expects to quadruple his sales this year. Newmac Manufacturing in Debert makes a woodoil combination furnace. Brooklyn Stoves in Windsor produces two sizes of wood stove, retailing for \$550 and \$750. You can have a stove custommade, if you like. And Lunenburg Foundry sells a kit for turning an oil drum into a wood stove, for about \$70.

Lepreau doubled. Is Lepreau a lemon? If so, write off New Brunswick as a going concern. What has kept New Brunswick's rates lower than those of its neighbors has been not recent ingenuity among its energy planners but, rather, the Mactaquac Dam on the Saint John River. It supplies roughly half the province's needs at low cost.

Newfoundland and Labrador have plenty of hydroelectricity, and should therefore have relatively low rates. But they haven't. What defeats the province is geography. It is actually cheaper to use oil-fired or gas-turbine generators in many outports than it is to string power lines to them. Or, at least, it has been in the past. If Gull Island comes about, a cable from Labrador would bring ample power to the island but its delivery to tens of thousands of Newfoundlanders might still be expensive.

Meanwhile, P.E.I. has become a kind of Mecca for devotees of alternate energy. While neighboring provinces sought the bigger and better, former Island premier Alex Campbell invented

the Institute of Man and Resources to experiment with programs to tap sun, wind and wood and to promote conservation. At the same time, however, P.E.I. will rely on a new underwater cable to New Brunswick to get power next year from so environmentally suspect a source as the nuclear reactor at Lepreau.

Despite all the possibilities and programs, solutions remain elusive. Offshore oil? Maybe, but even though oil companies have drilled 70-odd wells off the Scotian shelf, they've found only little bits of oil and gas.

Natural gas? It won't do much to solve our electricity problem but there is indeed some gas in our future. While drilling folds in the Scotian shelf, it's revving up off Labrador and in the Arctic. Petrocan, the national oil company, recently announced a \$1.5-billion plan to bring liquified natural gas (LNG) from the Arctic. Moreover, Q and M Pipeline Co. proposes to build a pipeline to bring Alberta natural gas down east, and another company talks of trucking



Offshore oil: The bright hope that faded.

liquified natural gas from Quebec to the Maritimes. The Atlantic Provinces Economic Council has suggested small LNG plants might well serve outports in Newfoundland and Labrador, and that LNG might fuel trawlers. As the superchilled LNG turns from a liquid into a gas it releases cold and, both aboard vessels and at processing plants on shore, the industry might use it to freeze fish.

Natural gas, Gull Island hydro, Point Lepreau, coal, even Fundy tides, and improved power grids may all play a role in our energy future. Among the bigger-is-better brigade, each has its

# Heating a house for \$125 a year





The Trail house sits on a hillside between Alberton and Tignish, 85 miles west of Charlottetown. A three-storey building with gambrel roof and pillared porch, it's above a pond and faces west across open fields—a beautiful location in summer, but in winter utterly unprotected from the fierce northwest winds. Built more than a half-century ago, it is still only lightly insulated, but Cameron Trail uses no more than 200 gallons of furnace oil to keep the lower two storeys warm through the winter. His oil bill in short is only about \$125 a year.

His secret is that the hot-air furnace in the cellar burns both wood and oil, and Trail, who is manager of the Tignish Credit Union, does his best to see that it burns as little oil as possible. The furnace was in the house when Trail, his wife Marilyn, and their three children moved in five years ago, but that first winter they had no wood.

"In one 13-day period, we used 200 gallons of oil," Trail ruefully recalls. Before the next winter, he had a woodpile beside the house. A 25-acre woodlot came with the house, and the Trails were fortunate: It contains largely hardwood. Trail and his teen-age son used to fell trees in the spring, leave them to dry in the summer, and haul them out and saw them into blocks in the fall. But that made the wood so dry it burned too fast. This year, they

cut, hauled and sawed in October and Trail expects to burn only nine cords through the winter, instead of the ten to 15 he'd burned in previous winters.

He and his son, working with a chain saw and half-ton truck, spend only four or five days getting a winter's supply of fuel. The Trails set their thermostat so that the oil burner cuts in only if the house temperature drops to 55 degrees fahrenheit, but with the wood fire stocked before they go to bed after the late news on TV, this rarely happens before daylight.

Improvements in the house have also helped reduce the Trails' heating bills. They've insulated the top floor (though they don't heat it in the winter). In 1976, they installed aluminum siding backed with a half-inch of styrofoam. Trail says all of this has made "quite a difference."

The house also has an experimental solar water-heating unit that P.E.I.'s Institute of Man and Resources put in. It works beautifully in spring, summer and fall, but he has shut it down this winter because long sunless periods forced the unit's auxiliary electrical heater to work to keep the 200-gallon tank hot. This sent the Trails' electricity bills soaring. He says a smaller tank would solve the problem, and that the unit might be adapted so that the wood furnace would heat the water.

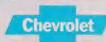
# '79 CHEVY CHEVETTE A LOT OF LITTLE CAR FOR THE MONEY

That's Chevy Chevette in a nutshell. A lot of features\* but not a lot of money. And that's a whole lot of value. No wonder it's North America's favourite\*\* small car. standard: 1.6 Litre engine. standard: White-stripe glass-belted radials. standard: AM radio. standard: 4-ft-wide easy-open rear hatch. standard: Front disc brakes. standard: Colour-keyed cut-pile carpeting. standard: Rack-and-pinion steering. standard: Body side mouldings. standard: Reclining front bucket seats. standard: Console. standard: Sport steering wheel. standard: Delco Freedom battery. standard: High Energy Ignition system. standard: Bumper rub strips.

All these features and more are standard on both the 2-door and the 4-door model.



**BEST SELLING SMALL CAR IN NORTH AMERICA** 



ATLANTIC INSIGHT, APRIL, 1979

champions. But there's an entire world of alternatives. It includes:

Wood. Experiments with wood-fired electricity in P.E.I. as part of forest management, pulp plants using bark to produce power, wood for green-house heating (an experiment at Oxford N.S.) and, of course, the wood-stove explosion all suggest wood is far from a primitive fuel. "Wood could displace half the present oil used for space and process heating," says a report prepared for the Conference of Eastern Premiers and New England Governors.

**Solar.** There is an increasing trend although it should be increasing fastertowards the use of passive solar heat. Outside Charlottetown an entire subdivision is being constructed in this way, with the north blocked and the south catching sunlight. Active solar heating (trapped air or water being heated and circulated) is far from common among homeowners, but it could become widespread in institutions. The federal government has a \$180-million incentive program for the fitting of new government buildings with solar panels and, though critics have hit it because it doesn't encourage use of solar heat in homes, both the New Brunswick and the P.E.I. governments have started to rig new buildings with the panels. Experiments in drying grain, hay, tobacco and lumber with solar equipment are underway in P.E.I. Nova Scotia has experimental solar greenhouses and, in fact, agriculture generally seems a particularly ripe area for solar energy substitution. In the home, solar panels to heat water will probably precede use of the more cumbersome "solar furnaces" for space heating.

Wind is a long-term energy alternative on these windy shores but it's not doing particularly well right now. There are new windmills in P.E.I., both government and private, and experiments are being planned under the aegis of the Conference of Premiers and Governors; but, generally, wind's time will come only when oil prices rise some more. Which won't be long. The National Research Council had a windmill on the Magdalen Islands buteek—the wind blew it down. The Science Council of Canada says that "by 1990 we would have between 1,000 and 3,000 windmills in Canada, each with a 200 kilowatt capacity." They'll mostly be in the Atlantic area.

Fundy tidal power. Yes. The problems with present plans stem from the mammoth nature of the projects—dams miles long with unforeseen effects. Why not extract power with small technologies? Quest Engineering of

Halifax has just received a grant from the National Research Council to develop a floating generator system that would harness small amounts of power without a dam. If it works it could be a real boost, but the tidal power establishment is likely to ridicule the very notion.

Whether it works or not, however, it illustrates something important: Ingenuity. Ingenuity, in every aspect of the physical functioning of society, is slowly blossoming, ingenuity in finding renewable sources and, perhaps more importantly, in conserving what we have. "What we save is like a new energy source," says Susan Holtz, energy coordinator at Halifax's Ecology Action Centre. She says some studies indicate we could cut our energy use by half "without a change in lifestyle."

In the realm of conservation ingenuity, microcomputers may soon be significant. Micronet, Ltd., a small Halifax firm, uses them to control the heating of hot water in apartment buildings. They may some day regulate not only hot water but also lights and heat in all new big buildings. Government programs are proliferating. A

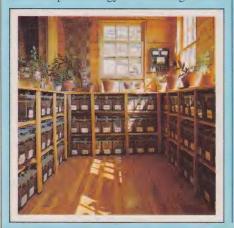
recent DREE-Nova Scotia agreement, for instance, provides funds for making industrial machines more energy-efficient, for studies of a better rate structure at the Nova Scotia Power Corporation and for better "load management" of electricity.

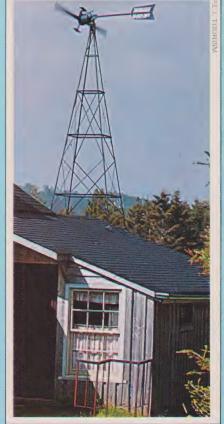
Most of these efforts are still marginal but in total they constitute the larger lifeboat that, while not as glamorous as the energy liner that sank, may be more seaworthy. The more conservation there is and the more small-scale alternatives we develop, then the further our coal and oil will go and the less we'll need gigantic projects we can't afford. In the end, both vital energy and vital capital will go further, and perhaps even the Great Energy Crisis of the mid-to-late-1980's will be delayed until it recedes into the future.

But we must abandon our yearning for cheap energy. The era of cheap oil is over. We wasted it in one wild orgy of consumption, and history will not be kind. Prices will keep on rising. As they rise, as we wean ourselves from cheap oil, a new ingenuity will take hold. It will have to. The question is: Have we enough time before the next crisis?

# Can't get power? Use the wind

ohn Ramsey's five-year old house at Emyvale, 20 miles from Charlotte-town, is too far from the road for him to get power from the Island electricity system. He heats it with wood, cooks with propane and gets his electricity from a wind turbine. The turbine supplies enough power for lights, a water pump and small kitchen appliances. Between windy periods, batteries store surplus energy in a storage bank.





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#### **Travel**

# **Sweet Bermuda**

Still civilized, still calm, still so very affluent - by John Edward Belliveau

nce you're hooked on Bermuda only infirmity or poverty will prevent your return. To be sure, it is not everybody's cup of tea. Las Vegas it isn't, Miami it isn't. For hot winter sun and endless beaches, go farther south to the Caribbean or Mexico. But in April or May, Bermuda is wonderful. What you get on these beflowered coral rocks is colonial elegance, affluence, pastel houses grafted to an English countryside, and some of the pleasant-

est people you'll ever meet.

The Bermuda connection with the Atlantic Provinces is as old as European settlement in the western hemisphere. From the time of the Spanish explorers through the wild days when privateers ranged from Nova Scotia to Martinique—and down to the century of potato commerce, which enriched the Taits and Melansons of Shediac, and saw the famous Lady boats sailing from Halifax—prosperous Maritimers and Newfoundlanders found these enchanted islands a kind of extension of their own homelands. Then came the air age. Halifax and Bermuda were just two hours apart: Two hours and \$200, with tourist accommodation to set heads spinning and pocketbooks thinning.

Though Bermuda is only 22 miles long and never more than two miles wide, it boasts at least 100 resort hotels, and guest houses, cottage colonies, housekeeping rooms and apartments. The colony actually consists of 150 tiny coral islands and seven bigger ones, linked by causeways and bridges, but it's the main island that matters to visitors. (The rich and famous have appropriated the habitable islets.) Despite the tininess of the place, however, you may visit Bermuda several times and still discover coves, hedged-in roads, and flower-shaded lanes you've never seen before.

But the most pleasing fact is the charm of the mixed population. Even the tides of tourists don't seem to change the even tenor of Bermudian ways. Heavy as the tides can be, there is no overcrowding. It's simply not permitted. Without a reservation you can't leave the airport. Tourism amounts to 70% of Bermuda's commerce. It brings in \$155 million a year. The government therefore closely regulates the industry. (Of the visitors, 88% are American, 8% Canadian, and the rest British and European.)

Bermuda's innkeepers and restauranteurs are an independent lot. They use out-of-season rates and massive advertising campaigns to lure tourists, but they make few concessions. Many accept no credit cards and you usually pay for your room in advance. Even so, your risk is small; the hotels' standards of quality and service are reliable.

Like West Indian islands, Bermuda has legends of ghostly apparitions, cutlass-carrying buccaneers, and devil's rocks where ships pound themselves to bits. Not to mention the Bermuda Triangle. Travel writers have also dreamed up a few legends, about horse-drawn carriages on cobbled roads, motorbikers bashing limbs on lichen-covered walls and blacks knifing tourists on back streets.

In a full week, I found only two working horses, one hauling what used to be called a sloven in New Brunswick, the other hitched to a surrey carrying a fat Texan grasping his stetson in a forty-knot gale. As for the "motor-assisted cycles" as they are called, they are indeed foils for frisky fools. They're everywhere and the rate of smashing is serious: 27 killed in a year, 1,100 sent to hospital.

Walking should be the treat it is in Britain but, except in the shopping streets of Hamilton and fascinating old St. George's, sidewalks are hardly known. Pedestrians must compete with cars, trucks, scooters and bicycles on the narrow, winding roads. In the parishes there are some quiet pathways but, if you're out of town after dark, you may have to hike back to your hotel along a pitch-black country road. No highwaymen or snakes will attack you, but carry a torch and beware of nipping Austins.



Among the most fascinating of Bermuda's sights are the mansions of the rich, and the richest of all are in Tucker's Town. Residents must be members of the posh Mid Ocean Club in order to buy or rent. (One house was just built for a cool one million dollars.) Bermuda has no income tax which is why the ultra-rich are here.

The wealthiest of all Maritimers has a place in Bermuda. K.C. Irving lives in a modest house far from the other rich. More than 80 years old and a recently re-married widower, he remains tall and straight, his business interests as strong

as ever. His private jet stands ready to flip him back to Saint John, or south to Freeport where it's warmer in winter. In Bermuda multi-millionaires are common and Irving is just one of the crowd.

These days, Bermuda is politically quiet. There is little unemployment, and slums are hard to find. Prosperity is high, and violence rare. Though riots broke out in 1977, it's unlikely they'll occur again. The trouble arose when, despite agitation for the abolition of capital punishment, the government hanged two young black men. British troops eventually quelled the disturbance.





St. Peters Church in old St. George's



Castle Harbour (above) and Southampton Princess (below) are top-rated hotel resorts







Golf course at Mid Ocean Club: Recreation for the super-rich

Bermuda, however, has few of the social conditions that lead to upheavals in other countries. Unemployment is low, serious poverty is rare, working conditions are pretty good, wages are fair. In half a lifetime of world travel I have never visited any country, except possibly Cuba, where racial discrimination was less pronounced than it has been in Bermuda. Equalized education and employment opportunities are largely responsible for this good mood. Where else would you find black taxi drivers sending children to Dalhousie, Mount Allison, or U.N.B.? Here, you can walk the city streets and country lanes at night without trepidation.

Bermuda resorts come in specified groups and the price your travel agent gives you back home is the price you pay. At the top of the list are the big spots, the Southampton Princess, the Bermudiana, Inverurie, Castle Harbour, Belmont Golf, and the Sonesta with its own inner and outer beaches.

These have evening entertainment, late bars, varied restaurants, access to beaches, golf or tennis, motorbikes, and taxis in ranks awaiting your signal. Between March and November 30, double occupancy of one room could run anywhere from \$37 a day to \$72, with breakfast thrown in. Or you might take a weekly rate for one person sharing a room. You'd get breakfast and dinner, and the price would be any-

where from \$297 to \$434, including green fees, tennis fees and airport transportation.

Rates at small hotels are usually much lower (although the Palmetto Bay Hotel offers a family special, March to December, for six nights and seven days for two adults and two children under seventeen for \$702). Cottage colonies are establishments having main buildings with diningrooms, bars, games, afternoon teas and swizzle parties, while the cottages stand off by themselves. The Ariel Sands Beach club, a big one, will take you in, two to a room with two full meals, for \$57 a day tops. The most luxurious cottage colony is the Pink Beach Club near Tucker's Town. There, a unit

for four runs as much as \$225 a day in the high season, breakfast and dinner included. Some people take these cottages for entire winter seasons to be close to their wealthy friends at Mid Ocean, Castle Harbour or in Tucker's Town. A good, old cottage colony is Cambridge Beaches in Somerset, on the western end of the islands. Proper Bostonians have gone there for decades and spring, summer and fall season accommodation runs from \$45 to \$72.50 per person per day, double occupancy, two full meals and afternoon tea included.

Bermuda's guest houses range from good to splendid. Their rates depend on their quality, character and location, but you can find rooms in the busy season for as little as \$15 a day per person, doubling up. Housekeeping apartments and cottages are also available at decent rates.

Then, too, you might want to rent a lovely big house complete with maid, cook, yardman, yacht, and club membership. The cheapest start at about \$1,000 a month. They're awfully nice, don't you know, and several families from the Atlantic Provinces have found them eminently restful.

Finally, may one who has long and patiently dealt with travel agents offer advice to people planning to visit Bermuda? Write directly to the Bermuda Department of Tourism, Hamilton, Bermuda and ask for two books: Where to Stay in Bermuda, Illustrated and Bermuda U.S. \$ Hotel and Guest House Rates. They're free.

### **After Dark**

# Fun and fine food In downtown Moncton

One problem: No cultural centre for the Anglos – By Eugene Weiss

rom the old ski lift on Lutes Mountain you can see it all in perspective. Just certified at 80,000 population, Moncton is trying hard to move from burg to urb. It is the most Prairie-like of eastern cities in its setting, booster spirit and cultural variety. But the blend is still at the awkward stage and some of what Moncton needs to satisfy urban tastes just hasn't arrived. Below the mountain, suburbs flood old farmland. The skyline fills with the domestic and office cubes city fathers love to see on postcards. The highest spot is the telephone tower, a great site for a restaurant that's not there. But come downtown for an inspection.

Take Mountain Road. It has a three-mile stretch of neon: Burgers, gas, bowling and pool, pizza and chow mein, sporting goods and granola. (Hardly the spirit of old Acadia.) Along the way you can cut south to the Coliseum where the New Brunswick Hawks (AHL) are pulling close to 4,000 per game and name rock and country music acts sometimes perform. Or you can duck into the *Little Rock Tavern* where NHL games are shown on a six-foot television screen. You might also want to pick up a case at the government store, open on Saturday nights till the somewhat civilized hour of 10.

For dressed-up stepping out the hottest spot is the *Cosmopolitan Club* in the old court house on Main Street. A disco, sporting barn beam architecture, the *Cosmo* is regularly jammed. A mezzanine with bench tables overlooks the dance floor action and downstairs there's not only a piano bar with pinball on the side but also an indoor waterfall.

Some young lawyers started a rival disco, the *Uptown Connection*, on St. George Street but it has not made a big splash among the exclusive crowd they coveted. At *Cloud 9* on the 19th floor of the Assumption Life building, the music is live-band disco. It's managed by the CN Hotel Beauséjour which advertises it to the travelling trades as a good place to meet someone friendly. After all, on *Cloud 9* "anything is possible."

The Beaus'n Belles on the main floor of the Beausejour is quieter. Red plush seats, organ music, 19th-century photos and backgammon.



This is Moncton? Believe it, believe it

Another "intimate" spot is La Cave à Pape, a cellar lounge in the Banque Provinciale building on St. George. Decor is woody Acadian though, unfortunately, plastic chairs are moving in. La Cave is a popular watering hole for Francophone academics, artists and media people. In the Park House, Smuggler's Jug boasts a friendly barkeep and ship models.

A popular pub with live music is the *Rendez-Vous* in St. Anselme, Dieppe. In summer Shediac's *Wikiwak* is one of the biggest spots around Moncton. Open pubs and private clubs divide Moncton's business after dark with the clubs dedicated to the idea that people should be free to walk about, beer in hand, and play darts or pinball or just talk. At the *Moncton Press Club* the quickest way to find an argu-

ment is to wonder aloud if it will be the last press club in Canada to open its membership to women.

The best restaurant in Moncton may well be *Chez Jean Pierre*. A converted farm house, it nestles among trees near the CN line in the east end. It seats only 30. The decor is mostly beams and brass, the cuisine, of course, French. Especially recommended are the escargots à la Jean Pierre (in mushroom caps) and the shrimp or pepper steak flambe. Lunch specials on Thursdays and Fridays run around \$15 with aperitif, wine and liqueur. A couple can easily spend the better part of a \$100-bill here at night but if they love fine food they won't regret it.

Cy's is New Brunswick's best known seafood house. It seats more than 100 diners but the quality of its fish cookery fills the place night after night, especially in summer. The seafood platter is a big favorite, so are the garlic shrimp. Window tables offer a view of the Petitcodiac mudflats, though the famous tidal bore, diverted by the Moncton-Riverview causeway, now peters out just downstream. ther good restaurants: Vito's, Mountain Road, for Italian food. The decor in the fancy section has landscapes framed by stone arches. Chinese food buffs argue the relative merits of the Palace Grill on Main Street and the Ming Garden on Mountain Road. La Cave à Pape restaurant offers fine French cuisine. Try the fricot (Acadian chicken soup.)

While it's not hard to get excellent food in Moncton, excellent entertainment is another matter. Four movie houses with six screens mainline films from the big American distributors. Truck movies stay around forever. What arty fare does get here doesn't stay long and the only film society is French, at l'Université de Moncton.

The big problem with Moncton night life is that it has no focal point for the intellectual and artistic life of its Anglophones. It has no performing arts centre. The Atlantic Symphony Orchestra plays one high school auditorium, Theatre New Brunswick another. The rest of culture for English-speaking Monctonians occurs in Sackville. The French cultural bastion-centered in the university, le Centre Culturel, L'Evangeline and Radio-Canada-produces art, letters, music, theatre. In the English community, no similar development has occurred. It might start with something as simple as a film society and a coffee house. Then Moncton's night life would at least be on the way to completion.

### Heritage

# The Clans are coming!

But the shieling's booked in Nova Scotia

cots who attend the International Gathering of the Clans in Nova Scotia this summer may have uncomfortable cause to remember that their hairy-legged ancestors used the kilt as an outdoor bedroll. By winter Tourism officials were so worried about the looming shortage of beds for the expected flood of clanspersons that they'd started a "bedbank" program. It's a list of emergency bedrooms, some in private homes, among the hills and glens closest to the centres of caber tossing, sword dancing, bagpipe blowing, Haggis munching, oatcake crunching,

war crying, bandying of Gaelic greetings, and whatever other expressions of racial pride will warm the sentimental hearts of up to 30,000 Gatherers from

The big events-such as the Games in Antigonish (athletics), the Mod in St. Ann's (cultural) and the Festival of the Tartans, New Glasgow-all occur in July and August but, even without international gatherings, tourism is often so heavy in mid-summer it's hard to find the bed you want where you want it. In the entire province, hotel rooms total only 10,602. Still, more than a million visitors came to Nova Scotia last summer and, outwardly anyway, tourism officials are confident 30,000 more can find good spots to sleep. The Scots, they are a hardy

If the fondest pre- A. Gordon Archibald brought Gathering's loose ends together. dictions come true, they'll

unthriftily leave \$20 million in New Scotland this summer. By March, thirty clans had already promised to have reunions at the Gathering, "Scots" will arrive from all over North America. Australians are inquiring too, and, from the auld sod itself, something like seven thousand clanspersons are due. "The thing is now being carried by its own momentum," one of its organizers says. "It'll happen come hell or high water."

The truth is, the celebration has already survived some hell and high water. The first Gathering occurred in Scotland in 1977 and, if Nova Scotia

can repeat its success, future Gatherings will supposedly alternate between the old and new Scotlands in '79, '81, '83, '85, every two years forever. By the summer of '78, however, the bluenose effort for '79 was wallowing in tardy planning and redundant committees. The provincial election was rumbling along. Promised provincial funds had failed to appear. So had promised federal funds. Moreover, in a classic case of country-vs.-capital, the local Scottish societies and the Halifax bureaucrats were squaring off with dirks drawn. When the new premier,



John Buchanan (Tory) announced that so marginal a Scot as the Queen Mother would open the Gathering in Halifax, rumors had it that Deputy Prime Minister Allan J. MacEachen was so angry he'd cut off federal aid.

The air of promotional disaster discouraged local entrepreneurs, though the owner of two old fish-and-chip trucks did apply for permission to convert them into "Haggis Wagons." (It should not be necessary to define "Haggis" but perhaps it is; Haggis, an acquired taste, is a sheep's maw containing the minced lungs, heart and liver of the creature, mixed and cooked with oatmeal, suet, onions, pepper, and salt.) Organizers hope the sale of logo rights and royalties from souvenirs will bring in money but the slowness of local merchants to exploit the chances has been disappointing. Rumors that greedy Upper Canadians were getting the inside track in the race for the Gatherers' dollars did not improve the atmosphere. By February, however, festival organizers thought they still had time to convince bluenose businessmen that the summer offered an excellent chance to fill their sporrans with silver.

"There were some very real problems when I assumed the chairmanship (last autumn)," A. Gordon Archibald says. If the problems are fading it's he more than anyone else who's making them fade. Many saw the chairmanship

as purely honorary but Archibald-he's also chairman of Maritime Tel & Tel and past president of the Chamber Canadian Commerce-used his considerable clout to sharpen the Gathering's profile and pull together loose ends and money. By mid-winter, the province had committed \$200,000, MacEachen had announced federal money amounting to more than \$100,000, and Archibald was going for more. Organizers want \$600,000, and one of his bigger jobs is to raise \$150,000 from private sources.

His ancestral qualifications for promoting clan gatherings are impeccable. The Archibalds are a sept of the clan MacPherson, and his own forebears moved to Nova Scotia, via Ireland, from the valley of the Tweed, southwestern Scotland, in 1762. Still, he wants the Gathering to be

"a source of pride not just to Scots, but to all Nova Scotians."

James Adam, of Edinburgh, director of the Gathering in '77, reports strong interest among Scots in the Nova Scotian festivities. Among chieftains who've agreed to cross the pond are the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine and Sir Torquhil Matheson of Matheson. Now that the local argie-bargie is settling down, it should be a fine gaithering. Rumors that the bagpipes will drive away more tourists than they attract are the work of lying Sassenachs.

- Peter MacLellan

# Succulent scallops

Light touches for a delicacy from the sea

– by Philippa Monsarrat

Philippa Monsarrat's custom-designed kitchen dominates her tiny house in Halifax. For five years it's been the scene of the weekly cooking classes that have made her internationally known. The school started at a friend's suggestion. Since Philippa was an excellent cook with time on her hands, why not teach other people? Classes began in 1972. Two years later came the new house with its big kitchen, planned down to the last detail by Philippa herself.

Instruction follows a definite routine. Students, eight to a class, must arrive promptly, prepare the meal (onion soup for beginners, bouillabaisse for the more advanced) under Philippa's direction, and clean up. She likes to stress the social and historical aspects of food preparation. A lesson on Chicken Marengo, for example, includes a witty commentary on Napoleon's conquests. Each evening ends with a feast, accompanied by wine and lots of conversation.

Classes are never advertised and always full. Several times a year groups from Ottawa, Toronto and Montreal fly in for total-immersion cooking weekends. Plans now underway may add Bermuda to the school's extension list.

Food columnists Craig Claiborne and Roy Andries de Groot have touched down in Halifax to taste and see, and returned to New York to tell their readers. A former columnist herself in her native South Africa, Philippa writes and broadcasts about food and appears occasionally on television.

Like all great cooks, she's a great shopper, a dependable authority on where to find the best of everything from the freshest parsley to the most succulent scallops. Both are featured in her Scallop Quiche, a delicacy especially created for this first issue of Insight. o scallops are better than Nova Scotia scallops. Their sea perfume and fine texture are fit for royal palates. Giddy and gregarious molluscs, they gather in vast numbers on the Atlantic's sandy bottom. They propel themselves quickly by opening and closing their shells and, on quiet days, in shallow waters, they can be heard jetting their way across the ocean bed----click-whoosh, click-whoosh, having the time of their lives, playing their lighthearted games before the draggers get them. Scallops come to us deliciously

Scallops come to us deliciously fresh, ready to be prepared and eaten. Slice them thinly, and marinate them in an even quantity mixture of fresh lemon



and lime juice, a squeeze of garlic juice, salt and pepper. Immersion in this marinade for a few hours will "cook" raw scallops. Mix them with finely chopped celery and a little cucumber, and let the salad loll on lettuce leaves. Heaven! Serve them hot in creamy sauces, perhaps one with mushrooms, another with some finely chopped carrot, onion and leek, or a very delicate cheese sauce. Let the creamy scallops relax on a bed of jewelled rice, with finely chopped red pepper and parsley. Or pack them back into their lovely shells, and pop them under a broiler for a minute to get golden and bubbly.

Scallop Quiche

2 cups thinly sliced scallops juice of one fresh lemon

2 green onions

inches of celery stalk

3 large eggs

34 cup whipping cream1 tablespoon dry sherry

34 cup grated Gruyere cheese nutmeg, salt and pepper

Garnish

½ cup very finely chopped parsley

1 bunch of watercress

Soak scallops in lemon juice for an hour and then drain them. Chop celery and green onions very finely. In a bowl, fork-beat eggs, add the cream, the cheese, the onion and celery, the sherry, salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch or grating of nutmeg. Fork-mix again and add the scallops. Pour the mixture into a partially baked quiche pastry shell and bake at 375° until set, about 15 minutes. Garnish and serve.

Pastry for Quiche

4 cup butter

34 cup flour

finely grated rind of one lemon

¼ teaspoon salt

eggs yolks

Mix the flour, lemon rind and salt. Cut in the butter until the mixture is very fine. Add the egg yolks. Hand-mix until it can be rolled. Roll the pastry and put it in the flan pan. Refrigerate for two hours, Bake unfilled for 35 minutes. Cool.

Coquilles St. Jacques

1 thick slice onion

1 thin slice lemon

1 small bayleaf 4 peppercorns

3 inches celery

1½ lbs. scallops

34 cup white wine

34 cup fish stock

3 tbsp. butter

3 tbsp. flour

1½ cups finely sliced mushrooms

1 tbsp. chopped parsley

2 tbsp. cream

grating of nutmeg

1 tbsp. grated parmesan cheese

dash of sherry pinch of sugar

tsp. of tomato paste

Bring mixture to a boil very slowly and simmer for five minutes. Remove from heat and strain, reserving the liquid and plucking the scallops out. Melt butter, add flour, blend in the liquid and allow to thicken. Add mushrooms, parsley, the scallops, cream, nutmeg, cheese, sherry, sugar and tomato paste. Mix well and gently, pile into individual dishes and put under the broiler until bubbly and lightly browned.







A young, fast, exciting, and fairly clean team... ... Can they cop the Calder Cup?

## **Sports**

# Here come the Hawks, the AHL's latest

They're the darlings of New Brunswick Hockey

New Brunswick Hawks home stand at the Moncton Coliseum is the closest thing to an all-community event the city offers. So if the Hawks manage to snare the Calder Cup in the American Hockey League playoffs, it'll be icing on a cake that's already drawn everybody to the party. With a mid-season average attendance of over 4,000 per game, New Brunswick's first professional hockey team ranks second only to the Maine Mariners in box-office pull. They're not only the best local show on ice; they're the best in New Brunswick.

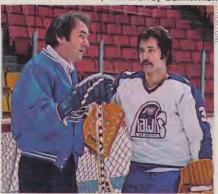
Moncton loves hockey. The Hawks' forerunners, the Moncton Hawks of 1933-34, were Allen Cup champions when the senior amateur trophy really meant something. In the Forties and Fifties, Allen Cup teams used to win world championships against the Russians by 20 goals. The city now supports two unrelated Hawks teams-the AHL Hawks and Moncton Hawks of the New Hockey Brunswick Intermediate League.

The AHL Hawks are jointly owned by Chicago Black Hawks and Toronto Maple Leafs who share rights to their young players. In Halifax, Nova Scotia Voyageurs are owned by Montreal

Canadiens so when Hawks and Voyageurs play, each side has a half-dozen players likely to show up at a Leafs-Habs game in, say, 1983. The combination of youth and competitive driveno one wants to miss a chance at a parent club berth-makes for exciting hockey.

The Hawks have had a see-saw contest with the defending champion Maine Mariners for the AHL northern division leadership. The Mariners, a farm team of Philadelphia Flyers, tend to copy their parent's brain-busting ice techniques-a fact Moncton fans deplore. During one Hawks-Mariners brawl, an eight-year-old

Coach Eddie Johnston, with Murray Bannerman



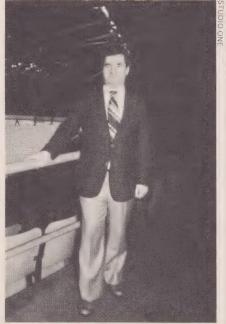
boy asked his father, "If I'm good enough to play for the Hawks when I grow up will I have to learn to fight like that?" There's even been talk of asking Attorney General Rod Logan to step in as the Roy McMurtry of New Brunswick. (McMurtry, Ontario's attorney general, launched a government inquiry in 1977 after Toronto player Brian Glennie was seriously injured in a brawl during a Toronto-Detroit game.)

With an average age of 22, the Hawks took off fast at the season's opening, then fell into mid-season doldrums, largely because of injuries and call-ups from parent clubs. Among those who left were Joey Quenneville, Borje Salming's frequent defence partner with the Leafs, and Mike O'Connell, Tim Higgins, Alain Daigle and Ron Wilson. Their loss was felt off the ice too. It's the younger players who've had the greatest fan appeal in Moncton, fellows like Rocky Saganiuk, the tiny, hustling right-winger crowds loved to cheer as he approached a 50-goal season. But the fire didn't die completely, and thanks to such benefits as the cool goal-tending of Murray Bannerman and Pierre Hamel, the Hawks are closing on the Calder Cup with strong hopes of winning it.

Saganiuk feels the team's morale is tops and their shot at the championship a clear one. "Remember," he says, "this team has a lot of guys from last year's Dallas team who went seven games in the Central Hockey League final. And last year's CHL was just as good as the AHL." For Bob Warner, a veteran rightwinger who once played for St. Mary's University Huskies in Halifax, "it would be a thrill being on a championship team." The money—about \$2,500 per player—would be nice, too.

The Hawks have laid claim to Moncton's loyalty over and above their performance on the ice. They've bowled in a Big Brothers-Big Sisters fund-raising project, attended charitable functions and taken part in those local promotions which make it easy for city fathers to accept them as an indispensable part of Moncton life. The team got off to a good start by hiring Lloyd Melanson, a former civic official, as manager and by adopting a strict policy of local purchasing. As a further bonus for the young crowd, the Hamel-Bannerman goalie duo will teach at a hockey school in Sussex this summer.

Montrealer Hamel was pleasantly surprised that Moncton is both an English and a French town. He has local friends from each language group. Team captain Kirk Bowman finds playing in Moncton different from the U.S. cities where he's spent most of his career: "Here in Moncton, people really have their own identity. U.S. cities all seem to be the same." Bowman feels a championship would really boost the Hawks in Moncton. Though crowds have been good this year, a Calder Cup could make the next five years a bonanza. Moncton—and most of New Brunswick—has its fingers crossed.



Melanson: Civic official turns hockey manager

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### **Opinion**

# **Farewell to Frankie Baby**

- By Ray Guy

ne of the first official acts of the Moores administration was to rename a boat. "Bad luck" be damned. She was first known as *The Altoona*, a luxuriously-converted Cape Island lobster boat used to tote friends of the Smallwood government to and fro on Conception Bay in pursuit of bluefin tuna. Thus the latter half of her name. The first half honored an old Smallwood crony and deputy-minister of tourism, O.L. ("Al") Vardy whose second-favorite pastime was tuna fishing

In Newfoundland, it's most often the political tidbits that are pounced upon by a jaded populace while the heavy stuff sails past unnoticed. So it was with the rechristening of *The Altoona*. The event was used to refresh the public's memory on the more flamboyant excesses of the Smallwood years, and the Moores boys renamed her in a great flurry of political hay. She was now a Moores boat and her new name was *The Rowdyman*, after the picaresque libertine of the Gordon Pinsent book and movie.

It took the tattered Liberals a few months to gather their wits and strike back. The Rowdyman indeed! Well named, cried Steve Neary, more a perennial tse-tse than a gadfly, who claimed his constituents on Bell Island in The Rowdyman's home waters were aghast at the antics aboard her under the new PC captaincy. On calm days, he told the House of Assembly, the solid burghers of Bell Island were shocked and mortified to hear "female shrieks" from her cabin, and to witness "a constant shower" of whisky bottles being pitched over her taffrail, as she zig-zagged the Bay from Paradise to Hibbs' Hole with a "cargo of Cabinet Ministers and their friends."

The Rowdyman saga seemed to put the Smallwood-to-Moores changeover in a cockleshell. Frank Moores had campaigned on a platform of dumping Smallwood so he could at last reveal the succulent details of graft and corruption of those past 22 years. It worked. A more rapt audience couldn't be imagined. Nor could the keenness of the Moores brigade to press on with the glorious witch hunt.

This early exuberance soon faded. Some heavyweights of the Moores PCs—

including Justice Minister Alex Hickman and Health Minister John Crosbie—were former Smallwood cabinet ministers who had jumped ship. The potency of "little black books" held by the likes of Smallwood and Vardy was said to be fearsome indeed and, after one or two official investigations, Moores made an enigmatic statement: "We barely lifted a corner of the rug for a peek. If I'd known then what I know now, I'd never have started it."

So it ground to a halt.

Too, the robust personal habits of Moores and his Cabinet buddies gave the Liberal kettles plenty of scope to call the PC pots black. It was still early days when Harry Bruce, in *Maclean's* saw Moores as a hearty, straightforward and charming fellow, a fit representative of that quasi-buccaneering class of Newfoundland fish merchants, who admitted he needed a hefty belt of Scotch before he could suffer the "tedium" of the Legislature.

t was nearly two years before the Moores boys twigged to the need for a public relations screen. They caroused mightily in full view of a fascinated public which at first seemed to feel that these good old boys had earned their little treats for toppling the villain, Smallwood, but then asked, "Yes, but what else can they do?" The Rowdyman was soon abandoned. Instead. the Moores boys hired a yacht and went off to steam rings around the Isles of Greece. Before embarking, they cut off something called the Mothers' Allowance, a last-ditch sugar plum that Smallwood had introduced. "Is that the kind of people they are, Mr. Speaker?' Joey could hiss from his back bench. "The kind of people who would stab 55,000 Newfoundland mothers in the back?"

Absenteeism from the House of Assembly and from the province, often on grounds of health, was another feature of the Moores administration. "Ruined by their own vices, Mr. Speaker," Neary and Smallwood would chortle. "Destroyed by their own debauches." From time to time, Moores stepped out of character and snapped back at "this unjust Playboy image" propagated, he claimed, by the press and bitter Smallwoodites. But he fin-



ally erected a phalanx of executive assistants and public relations chappies. After that, accounts of the glorious escapades of "Frankie Baby" and the lads emerged only in Bingo Hall gossip and tavern chatter...and in the House of Assembly, which became a shambles as each side hurled personal dregs at the other.

Now, after seven years as the Premier who followed Joey, Frank Moores has quit politics. He says it bores him, and he's sick of the muck and the glasshouse environment. And he aims to make more money now than the \$17,000 salary of a Newfoundland premier.

Hearty and straightforward to the last.

It was not an uplifting seven years for Newfoundland. Moores has left almost as many examples of PC corruption hanging in the air as those of the Smallwood era which he once promised to expose and cut out. True, he was forced to preside over the closing of such Smallwoodian economic disasters as John Shaheen's refinery at Come By Chance and John C. Doyle's linerboard mill at Stephenville. He could claim that he "bought back" Churchill Falls from Brinco after the Smallwood giveaway and had protected offshore oil and gas for the future.

But the dirty side of Newfoundland politics went unlaundered, and many more spots appeared. A rousing good time was had by all who won or extorted favor from the Moores cabinet. The voters were gorged on juicy tidbits. The seven-year cruise of the good ship The Rowdyman alias The Altoona, began on a rising tide, left a merry zig-zag wake, and ended with her well and truly beached, but unholed and waiting for her next skipper.

#### Medicine





Brain scan at VG Hospital: Just slip your head in the "Doughnut"

# Miracle of diagnosis but the price tag is a pain

35-year-old mother of four is admitted to Victoria General Hospital in Halifax, disabled by excruciating headaches. A neurologist diagnoses cerebral hemorrhaging, probably the result of a ruptured aneurism a ballooning of a vein or artery. Ten years ago the woman might have undergone a series of x-rays and exploratory surgery to survey the damage, remove possible blood clots and tie off damaged vessels. Today she's examined quickly and painlessly with a CAT scan, the brain-imaging technique which has revolutionized medical diagnosis within the past five years. Her scan detects a torn blood vessel, treatable with com-

plete rest and drugs.

CAT scan-short for computerized axial tomography (tomography literally means "to cut a slice")-pinpoints disorders which might not be visible otherwise, especially in the soft tissue of the brain often masked by the skull. Last year 3,800 scans were performed at the VG, an average of 18-20 per day. This is how it works: the patient's head is held in the "hole" of a large metal "doughnut." X-rays enter one side of the "doughnut" and focus on a specific area of the head where they scan through and are detected on the far side. Then the x-ray beam and detector rotate and the process continues until the entire head has been surveyed. Densities of bone and tissue determine how

much x-ray is absorbed and these differences are converted to thousands of electrical signals. They, in turn, feed into a small computer where a crosssectioned view of the head-the "slice" - shows up on a TV screen. The picture isn't as sharp as a conventional x-ray photograph but having a sectional view, unobscured by overlying tissues, more than compensates.

CAT scan is linked to the boom in mini-computers. Dr. Godfrey Hounsfell of the British electronics firm EMI developed the idea in the late Sixties and the first scanners were on the market by 1973. But there was a catch. Early scanners required the patient to stay motionless up to five minutes for each scan, Since the average person can't hold his breath more than 30 seconds, body scanning was difficult, to say the least. By 1974, however, the American firm, Pfizer Medical Systems, had reduced the scan to 18-20 seconds and improved instruments can now scan at a rate rapid enough to catch a beating heart in

Until last year the VG Hospital had the only scanner in Atlantic Canada. Then Moncton City Hospital and Saint John General each acquired body scanners and rumors flew that the VG would complement its head unit with a body scanner this summer. Body scanners offer less clear-cut results than head units, bodies being both larger and made

up of more varieties of tissue than brains. They're also expensive; up to \$750,000 with your choice of optional extras, plus \$30,000 a year for maintenance. Sales of both body and head scanners are booming, however, despite the fact that a potential new star is waiting in the wings.

A second generation instrument, PETT scan, is undergoing clinical testing. PETT scan (for positron emission tomography) uses a scanner similar to earlier units but different on one important point; instead of measuring the intensity of x-rays as they pass through tissues, PETT scan measures the energy emitted by positrons within the body. Positrons are high energy particles which are given off as one radioactive substance decays to another. This means that if sugars, amino acids or specific proteins are "labelled" with a radio-active atom before they're given to a patient, an observer can track all kinds of processes within the body. For example, he can watch drugs attack the site of a disease, see chemicals actually affect brain activity or monitor body processes as they break down substances.

The safety of scanners (or even xrays) has been debated but so far the atoms used by PETT scan seem to have struck a good compromise between providing sufficient energy to be detectable while not endangering the patient's health. They also decay quickly, usually disappearing within 12 hours.

PETT scan needs a high energy facility nearby to produce the necessary atoms. Thus, it doesn't seem well suited to use in the Atlantic Provinces. But techology is leaping ahead. Son of CAT scan may be closer than we think.

#### **Business**

## Around the world, flogging "Anne"

A town character blossoms as a home grown hustler

32-page coloring book may seem a flimsy foundation for an international merchandising empire on the Island but, after 30 minutes with Marc Gallant, you begin to see it coming about. Until recently, Islanders knew him as a decidedly hairy, sometimes dishevelled and periodically paunchy angry young man. He's 31. He's been the loud foe of urban developers, scourge of tourist promoters and defender of the unspoiled, especially in his home town, North Rustico.

But he's changing, and the change has come with his publishing *The Anne of Green Gables Picture Book*. It includes 24 drawings by Gallant, a graphic designer by trade, and an 875-word synopsis of Lucy Maud Montgomery's famous children's book. In Charlottetown, *Anne* is eternal news. Moreover, Gallant knows just about everyone who reports fresh news there. The coloring book was a sensation.

Gallant has a child's ingenious selfabsorption and a genius for promotion. As the first press run (20,000) went on sale in Canada, he was off to the Frankfurt Book Fair and Tokyo with financial backing from the feds' Trade and Commerce. In Tokyo (where the *Anne* cult is mystifyingly powerful), he sold

Japanese rights to the book and helped arrange a national coloring contest. The winners would get free holidays in Prince Edward Island, to which all *Anne* freaks should come at least once in their lives.

He came home bubbling with plans to exploit Anne further, and to add other kids' books to the list of his new company, Periwinkle Press. Seated in his studio-cum-living quarters on the third storey of a 110-year old building in Charlottetown, Gallant seethes over unimaginative bankers who fail to share his vision of how to make further bucks out of Anne. Using the drawings in the coloring book, he wants to produce jigsaw puzzles, stationery, notepads and postcards kids can color themselves and, if he can get some backing, to have the stuff on sale when next summer's first tourists drive off the car ferries.

About Periwinkle Press, he's more secretive. He hints only that he's asking a dozen of the world's best children's-book illustrators to work up interpretations of a single theme. This publication, he expects, will be ready for the big book fair in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1980.

What converted a public enemy of tourist exploitation into an exploiter of

the very *Anne* who attracts tourists to his beloved Island? Gallant says it was simply a financial crisis. His building was a derelict when he bought it in 1975. He hoped to restore and rent it out, but the restoration saddled him with crushing debts. He says he was coming home by ferry one day, fretting over multiple mortgages, overdue loans and threatening utility companies when, all at once, like heavenly lightning, inspiration struck. Zounds! He'd make *The Anne of Green Gables Picture Book!* At \$3.00 a copy.

N ational sales have been brisk and, at tourist time, should get brisker. But Gallant has used most of the money the book earned to eat up debts on his building, and that's why he's plotting new marketing adventures.

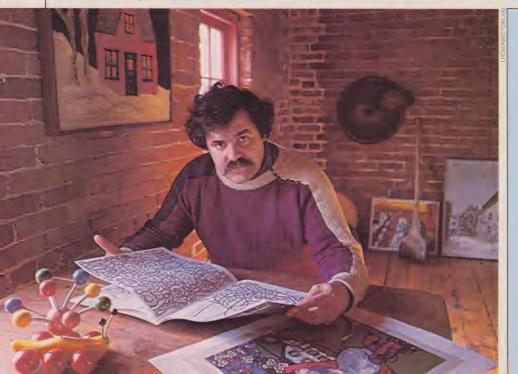
To flog *Anne* internationally, he trimmed his hair and his pirate's mustache and bought new clothes. He looked almost svelte. "When you're trying to break into the publishing business," he reasoned, "it helps if you don't look as if you're running guns out of Cuba."

Back home, he's beginning to look like his old self but still has an eye on the main chance. He hated a downtown development plan that the Charlottetown Chamber of Commerce unveiled but, when a radio station asked him to comment on it, he said no thanks, not this time. "I could hardly believe it myself," he says, "but that's not what I'm into any more."

Kennedy Wells

....and the coloring book is only a beginning

Marc Gallant: A "genius for promotion" plots new market ventures....





#### Media

## Advice to CBC: You can't save the nation by boring the nation

eople Talking Back" ends a series of six broadcasts on CBC television this month that might have slipped your notice, but don't feel bad. What was to have been the biggest participatory TV exercise ever didn't work out the way it was supposed to. Not that it wasn't big. Perhaps it was just the people who were small.

What's been on television for the past two months hasn't been what was hatched in the fertile imaginations of the Canadian Association for Adult Education (CAAE) two years ago. CAAE never promised to make anybody a television star. What it had in mind was stirring up the sluggish waters of

community involvement in solving the problems of our nation. Grassroots involvement. Help for our beleaguered experts. Television was to be the swizzle stick, giving the waters a whirl, then withdrawing while the circles spread.

That was the concept CAAE's executive director Ian Morrison presented to CBC presi-dent Al Johnson in 1977. No one was more surprised than he when Johnson pounced on the idea. CBC would not only chip in a bit of free air time; it would, by God, throw the weight of its whole technical and production arsenal-satellites, phone-

banks, singers, comedians and 5½ hours of network time-into making this the biggest cross-country think tank the average Canadian had ever seen. (Or, at least, the average English-speaking Canadian; Radio-Canada passed). Had Ian Morrison been a different kind of guy, this might have been the moment when he first felt a prickling in his scalp.

The reason for CBC's eagerness was that CAAE's proposal came at the right time. In Ottawa, federal politicians were questioning the corporation's effectiveness as a unifying force in the country. A few were screaming for its blood. CBC's own Touchstone report, another of those five-year plans which have

belched out regularly since management discovered the Harvard Business School, admitted the network was out of touch with the people and proposed ways to re-establish contact. It was the mid-way point in the four-year period which separates the corporation's re-licensing appearances before the CRTC. Like good politicians, regretfully acknowledging that the easy years have passed and the reckoning's coming, CBC was getting ready to defend its record.

Preparation for the show began in the Atlantic region last fall. Local adult education contacts were to provide the people. Television would do the rest. It wasn't easy. Bill Shallow of

PEOPLE TALKING BACK

Newfoundland found his people jittery about the size of the project: "They're great at expressing opinions sitting around the kitchen table but usually shy away from discussion in public forums. I guess it's part of our heritage, our isolation." He wasn't the only one who found it tough searching for the television-proof average Canadian. "It's hard to find Nova Scotians who are really articulate about the problems," sighed Gordon Michael, enviously citing the vast pool of colleges and volunteer groups in central and western Canada.

Nobody seemed sure what they were getting ready for. CAAE's idea was that TV would be a stimulus for the real

thing-formation of neighborhood discussion groups all across the country. Over kitchen tables or around cosy fires, average Canadians, excited by seeing themselves on national TV, would discover what ails the country, form resolutions (no more than five words) and chart a course for the future.

Bill Shallow tried to tell his Newfoundland group that "People Talking Back" was like "a living room discussion with a little structure in it." Right. A little structure like a live broadcast from Edmonton, hook-ups to each province, phone-in facilities, taped man-in-thestreet interviews and Gordon Pinsent. The big question, Shallow thought, was how many people would take the neighborhood group discussions seriously. Three days after the February 5th three-hour prime-time marathon, he knew. Response was "very disappointing." People weren't re-grouping. They weren't calling in with their five-word

syntheses of the issues. Worse, some of them were mad at him. To his horror, he'd actually been impaled by a CBC interviewer and berated for trying to pass off his group as "real" Newfoundlanders.

In Halifax, Gordon Michael took 25 response calls. He'd hoped for 50 to 100 and was prepared for 300. People weren't really committed to the idea, he thought. Maybe a few more tries would get things rolling. John Morris in New Brunswick thought "the discussion group aspect really got shortchanged"; but in Prince Edward Island Dorothy Hicks, who'd organized her group and

acted as spokesman on air, was cheerful.

She'd got some nice letters.

Three weeks after the first live program CBC-which had released news of the ratings triumph of its "Anne Murray in Jamaica Superspecial" within a week of the broadcast-said gathering figures on who'd watched "People Talking Back" was a complicated business. They still weren't sure. Besides, a Halifax spokesman gently added, "CBC isn't into the ratings game."

CAAE may have a better idea by now about what kind of game it got into. The average Canadian is warming the bench and wondering.

- Marilyn MacDonald



# The battle of the bergs

Breakthrough to protect oil-drilling rigs

ach year betwen March and July, hundreds of icebergs drift majestically down a stretch of Labrador coast known as "Iceberg Alley." They are the last of the 7,000 - 10,000 icebergs that form annually in Baffin Bay; and nowhere, except in Antarctica, is the density of icebergs higher. Working off Labrador would be difficult even without bergs. Fierce, cold, high winds and strong currents occur all year and winter adds pack ice and regular storms. Radar has weakened the iceberg threat to shipping and fishing but, for fixed drills, the bergs remain a menace.

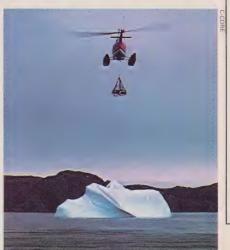
Roughly a quarter of the recent drillings on the Labrador continental shelf revealed significant hydrocarbon reserves. Last fall Chevron reported a well capable of producing 32 million cubic feet of natural gas per day, and this summer Shell Texaco is planning to drill a 1,000-metre hole, the deepest yet. But, icebergs threaten the whole recovery process: the exploratory drilling, production, storage and transportation. A 20,000 ton drilling ship is no match for a two-million-ton iceberg and that's not even a big berg. Even more important is the threat to seabed installations. Some bergs are so big they run aground on the shelf. With strong currents pushing them, they gouge the sea floor, sometimes leaving scars five metres deep and tens of metres long.

Before investing millions in equipment and drilling schedules, oil companies need to know more than they do about the iceberg risk; and in 1975, with strong industry support, Memorial University set up the Centre for Cold Ocean Resources Engineering (C-Core) to investigate engineering problems related to ice. C-Core has come up with a way to use airborne impulse radar to estimate the underwater shape of

icebergs, and the likelihood of a berg's rolling over (a startling event, incidentally, for any observer).

A word about bergs: Sea ice imprisons them for much of the year, and they seldom amount to more than 2% of all the visible ice on the ocean. The sea ice melts in the spring and the wind shifts. The bergs move out now on a journey that may take three years. The Labrador current eventually traps them. It parallels the coast and brings them south at ten to twenty miles per day. Once underway, they melt from below and slowly get top-heavy. A million ton iceberg in Baffin Bay may weigh only 100,000 tons when it reaches southern Newfoundland, and only about 400 a year ever make it down to the Grand Banks. The berg population varies from year to year. In 1912, when the *Titanic* sank, there were more than 1,000 sightings. In 1924, only 11. After icebergs reach the open North Atlantic, most disappear in three months, although in 1926 a stray survived long enough to be sighted off Bermuda.

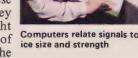
Impulse radar scans bergs from helicopter



Looking at the iceberg from a ship tells little about its underwater shape, about the likelihood of its plowing into the bottom, or about how wind and

current may affect it. But the ability to predict such iceberg behavior could be crucially important to the captain of a drill ship that's invested time and pipe in a well.

Now, Dr. James Rossiter and Andres Gustajtis of C-Core ice images successfully measured subsurface iceberg shapes. They use an impulse radar system slung below a helicopter. Unlike conventional radar, radar proimpulse short sharp duces When these pulses. strike an iceberg, they act like a flashlight beam on a pane of glass; most of the



pulse passes through but some is reflected back. When the transmitted pulse reaches the back side, another small percentage comes back, allowing the instrument-observer to see images of the top and bottom of the ice. Impulse radar pictures correspond with sidescanning sonar records.

C-Core's experiment was the first use of airborne impulse radar to measure iceberg draft. Now, with computer processing techniques, it is also possible to relate radar signals to the physical properties of the ice and thereby estimate ice strength.

The use of impulse radar on routine surveillance flights, such as those of the International Ice Patrol, could be invaluable not only to oil companies and scientists, but also in the development of resources whenever the big bergs haunt our continental shelves.

- Robert Fournier



#### Education

### Moncton's fuss over French for kids

How much immersion is too much immersion?

ome Moncton parents recently won a battle over French-language instruction that could spread across the country, and influence the seemingly eternal debate over national unity. The "immersion parents," led by Parents and Citizens for French, beat back a move by Moncton District 15 School Board to phase out total early immersion as early as 1980. (District 15 has authority only over English schools; District 13 School Board runs schools for French-speaking Moncton, about 35% of the population). But why was French immersion such an issue in '79? After all, even such strident enemies of federal bilingual policies as Moncton's own self-described bigot, Leonard Jones, have argued that the place for secondlanguage training is school.

The story begins in 1969, with Moncton's first total French immersion class. In the whole country, there were then a handful of such classes. In immersion, French soon becomes the *only* language teachers and pupils use and, in Moncton, the program begins in grade one and continues to grade six. By grade four, the only English the children get is one daily period of reading and English instruction. The program is so popular among some parents that, today, 1,548 of the 6,716 kids in District 15's grades one to six are in French immersion. That's 23%.

Parent pressure, more than anything else, brought French immersion to Moncton schools, and many parents have been willing to fight for it for a decade. As time passed however, they learned that few on the system's staff would stick up for the program. It wasn't the staff's baby. Only occasionally has the administration clearly offered it to parents. Only the parents who knew about it, and caused a ruckus, got their children into immersion. Moreover, the system has lately been using the results of a battery of irrelevant tests to urge parents to keep their children out of immersion.

The School District regards immersion not simply as a bastard child to be hidden away, but also as a threat. Immersion teachers are French-speaking. The more French-speaking teachers the District hires, the fewer English-speaking teachers it can hire. The proliferation of immersion classes is therefore unpopular among many teachers, prin-

cipals and bureaucrats in the basically English-speaking District.

The recent battle began last summer when the School Board commendably decided to extend French instruction to the entire system by bringing in an "enriched core" program. (The chairman of the board was Nancy Humphrey who, back in the Sixties, had fought for the first immersion classes.) The new scheme would give all pupils 30 minutes a day of French in grades one to four, an hour a day in five and six and an optional year of real immersion in seven. The English-speaking teachers liked the new program; since they could themselves teach French for 30 minutes a day, it did not threaten their jobs.

The idea was that "immersion" and "core" would operate side by side but, last November 29, the Board adopted a report on "core" that abruptly concluded, "Total immersion as it currently exists should be phased out when the new program has been deemed effective." Trustees Kathy Barnes and Sue Murray moved the report, and the immersion parents went to war. Led by Humphrey, who now found only a minority of the trustees shared her position, 350 immersion supporters got together and by December, the new Parents and Citizens for French had collected 3,000 signatures to get the Board to keep both programs. Immersion parents flooded a Board meeting, presented brief after brief after brief. But the Barnes group simply insisted it wanted a program for all children. One by one they expressed admiration for immersion and, one by one, they voted to uphold immersion's death sentence. Steve Campbell, an excity councillor, called them a bunch of "ninnies," and the immersion gang followed him out of the room.

The absurdity of the anti-immersion case was evident in a letter to the *Moncton Transcript*, signed "Professional." It concluded that, "to subject the child to the 'trauma' of such an immersion program is of great concern to many of us who must deal with the 'fallout' of such a program." (The trauma of immersion, one supposes, is like the heartbreak of psoriasis.)

A principal argued that, in schoolyards, immersion kids and non-immersion kids called each other names and fought. He thought that sufficient reason to cancel immersion classes. Should we kill a good math program because it's giving kids an excuse to squabble?

When Trustee Sue Murray, a "core" person, tried to explain the program to a Home and School meeting, she found herself facing hostile immersion parents. She stonewalled. Then, just before a crucial Board meeting in January, immersion parents talked with Education Minister Charles Gallagher and claimed him an ally. Either Gallagher himself or the press muddled his later statements but, at the time, he appeared as an immersion man. The opposition retreated. The Board agreed to delete the reference to phasing out immersion and to leave it alone until enough time passed to evaluate both programs. The pro-immersion trustees were still so suspicious they insisted on an amendment to guarantee that neutrals - the provincial education authorities -- carry out the evaluation. Round one to the immersion parents.

The issue is down, but not out. It will rise again in Moncton and, for that matter, wherever French immersion courses spread fast enough to threaten English-speaking school systems.

- Wayne Patterson

Dr. Patterson is a bilingual math professor who says his interest in immersion "springs from my days as a sixyear-old when I was immersed into the French schools in Moncton." He's also an active Grit.

Who worried most about French immersion for Anglo kids? Anglo teachers



#### **Armed Forces**

## **Fuss over French fades**

Parlez-vous Français chez Greenwood?

ore than three years after the uproar over the Defence department's plan to put a French Language Unit in the heart of the Annapolis Valley, the FLU is not yet a fact. At the same time, the forces act as though they'd never heard anyone call the scheme an outrage, and insist it's still in the works. Though Defence has failed to name a date for the conversion to an FLU of one of two squadrons at Greenwood base, the base insists the government will "proceed with the establishment of a French Language Unit." Meanwhile, all is quiet on the bigotry front.

Greenwood is almost dead centre in the Valley, once known as "the apple orchard of the British Empire." More than two centuries ago, the English banished the Acadians from the area and, in the 1760's, it began to fill up with "the Puritan planters" from New England. Later, some Loyalists arrived and, in our own time, it's possible the Valley still boasts more Union Jacklovers per acre than any other corner of Canada. It's also pretty good Diefenbaker country, and one suspects some of the Baptist folk there regard French Canadians the way they regard certain modern novelists: With deep suspicion.

All in all, sticking Greenwood with an FLU was a bold decision and, in making it, the then Chief of Defence Staff, Jacques A. Dextrase, proved again he was a brave soldier. "It was my decision," General Dextrase said, "No amount of exercise on the part of anyone will make me change my mind on this." Tory MLA Gerry Sheehy (Annapolis East) said, "The military must remain under control of civilian authority," and demanded Dextrase quit his job. Tory MP Patrick Nowlan (Annapolis Valley) told James Richardson, then the Defence Minister, "I consider the establishment of a unilingual French squadron in the Annapolis Valley in the same light as an Anglophone unit in a rural and wholly Francophone community. Neither could contribute to harmony and social relations...'

Defence has three bilingualism goals: To increase the proportion of armed forces Francophones to 27%; to give each official language group the chance to train in its own language; "to designate French-language units in

all operational and support sectors." In four years, the percentage of Francophones in the forces has risen from 23 to 25%. (At Greenwood, it's still only about 11%.) There are now 17 FLUs, some in Quebec but others in English-speaking areas. The Halifax-based destroyer *Skeena*, for instance, has about 200 bilingual officers and crew. They use English only to communicate with other vessels.

Opponents of the Greenwood plan claimed it would create a "language ghetto" but, contrary to the suggestion in Nowlan's letter to Richardson, an FLU is not necessarily unilingual in French. Of the 128 personnel in the Greenwood FLU, roughly 20% would be Anglophones improving their French. French would be the first language of the other 80% but all of them would be fluent in English as well and, while flying, would speak English.

Their families, it's true, might speak only French but even so the "language ghetto" problem was exaggerated. About 30 children now attend a French-language school at Greenwood, paid for by Defence, but they also get instruction in English and, in each case, at least one parent is fluent in English. The ghetto then was largely a phony.

Complaints about the cost of turning the squadron into an FLU also arose from the false idea that FLU personnnel can't speak English. Wouldn't the base need translators and French-speaking civilian staff? Would Valley folk lose jobs at the base? How could the families of the French-speaking military personnel possibly find work in the Valley or, for that matter, even go shopping? Wouldn't the whole mess hurt the local economy?

Few of the fears were justified. Since the Francophone personnel could speak English, Defence announced that the hateful French takeover at Greenwood would call for the establishment among the base's civilian employees of exactly one bilingual position, that of a secretary. Certainly, the change would cost something — governments can't change a tire without blowing money—but, in the spring of '79, the Greenwood fuss of '75 and '76 appears to have been a classic Valley tempest in a somewhat British teapot.



Dextrase: He wouldn't change his mind....



Sheehy: He wanted a civilian authority....

Nowlan: He feared the worst....



#### **Crafts**

# She stuffs toys for fun, not profit

Prince Edward Island craftsmen earned more than a million dollars last year, but turning a hobby into a business sometimes means an artisan must sacrifice quality and individuality to the pursuit of profit. Nora Davis of Brudenell, however, has faced the challenge of profit-making and simply turned her back on it. Her stuffed dolls and animals have won her a devoted international clientele, but she says she'll continue to make them for love rather than money.

Mrs. Davis could have contracts with toy shops for as many stuffed dolls as she can make and, once, she almost signed up with a Halifax shop. "But the idea of making a dozen of this and half-dozen of that was more than I could bear," she says. She backed out.

She prefers to make individual creations for customers who just show up at her house 30 miles east of Charlottetown. Usually, the customers have seen one of her stuffed creatures in the arms of a friend's child. They may want a Raggedy Anne doll—the kind Mrs. Davis calls "granny bait"— or something special, like the dragon and sheepdog she was making earlier this winter.

She charges little more than the cost of the material. "I do charge something for my time," she says, but her hourly rate wouldn't meet the standards of P.E.I.'s minimum wage law. She makes about 50 toys in nine months. In the other three months, she gardens with her husband, Cyril.

That the Davises are in Prince Edward Island at all is one of the few happy results of the Georgetown Industries fiasco in the late Sixties. Davis, a refrigeration engineer, was enticed from Vancouver to manage the Georgetown fish-freezing plant that entrepreneur Jens Moe had set up with the heavy backing of the Island government.

Moe's grandiose plans collapsed in a welter of debts and legal charges shortly after the Davises arrived, but they liked the Island and decided to stay. Cyril eventually went to work for the provincial government.

Nora, meanwhile, had made a doll for a neighbor's child who was entering hospital without a stuffed friend. Such an eventuality shocked Mrs. Davis; she had made her first dolls to raise money for the Toronto Sick Children's Hospital.

Later, in Vancouver, she had helped launch a toy-making operation for the Vancouver General Hospital and, when she came to the Island, she had no intention of abandoning her hobby. That first Island doll, named "Mrs. Beasley," has now "gone through three trousseaus," Mrs. Davis says, and her descendants can be found across Canada and the United States, in Britain, and even in Central America.

Ironically, this resolute creator of "granny bait" has no grandchildren herself. The Davises have two daughters living in Toronto, but Mrs. Davis says both "seem to regard men as handbags, something to go with their outfits."





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### **Under Twenty**

# Was Nancy finished? Nope. Just starting

Garapick was way down, but never out

ova Scotia may have found a way to stay financially solid with their bigger neighbors: Ontario and Quebec," Ian MacDonald said in the Montreal Gazette. "They simply have to assign their lady ambassador, Nancy Garapick, to keep the gold flowing from Montreal and Toronto to Halifax." Nancy had just won three gold medals at the Quebec Invitational swimming meet. A few weeks earlier, at Etobicoke, Ontario, she'd won eight golds. At the Paris International in February, she entered six events and earned gold in five. In short, she snapped up 16 gold medals in two months and, though she was once only a back-stroke specialist, she got them not only with her back-stroke, but also in freestyle, butterfly and medley events. And winter was not over yet. Not bad for a 17-year-old who, only a year before, appeared to be washed up.

In a country that's short of heroines, Nancy may well be the youngest protagonist of a comeback story in modern Canadian sports history. She was in the Olympics at 15 and, like so many other world-class girl swimmers, quickly faded. After the Olympics, she suffered a severe letdown. Was she tired of the discipline that demanded she show up at the pool at six each morning? Was she discovering life held other

attractions? Such as boys.

"It was none of that really," she says. "It was more that a couple of good friends, Shannon Smith and Lisa Geary (Vancouver swimmers), had decided to pack it in and go off to other things. We had trained together a lot and spent a lot of time together—and suddenly they were gone and the younger kids were coming in, and I began to feel alone."

Then, in '78, she broke her ankle during a skiing holiday in British Columbia. For months she trained with a cast on her leg. "I couldn't do the things I wanted to do, couldn't improve my times, and it was just a matter of staying in shape and waiting it out," she recalls. "That was a depressing period." But wait it out she did, and this past winter came

phase two of a glittering career.

What makes Nancy swim? Nine years after she started and a few days after her consummate skills had again made her the toast of the international swimming crowd, she tried to answer: "I guess it's just a matter of doing what I enjoy most. The challenge of improving my times is stimulating, and so's competing against the world's best. And it's still fun." An uncomplicated reply from an uncomplicated young woman

She is no longer merely a speedster in the water and a cute, diffident teen-ager out of it. Her ability has taken her to Europe, Asia, South America and Australia, and she's picked up an air of socal confidence. Moreover, she has a quality shared by many great athletes: Accessibility. She

knows that what she does interests people.

She dismisses the idea that the hometown media have failed to celebrate her triumphs sufficiently. Her three gold medals at the Quebec meet earned her only six lines on a back page of the Halifax daily, sandwiched between local basketball results. The slight didn't bother Nancy. "There was a lot going on that weekend," she allows. A publicity-hound she's not.



Nancy Garapick: Making a brilliant "comeback" - at 17

Ken Brown, a friend of the family and swimming official with Sports Nova Scotia, says Nancy's parents, Nick and Ruth Garapick, "have done a marvellous job with their family in maintaining a perspective. Through everything, Nancy's remained a part of the family unit. She gets equal but not special treatment." (Nancy's sister Janet, 19, is an arts student at Acadia; her brother Peter, 14, is a soccer and

sailing buff.)

Swimming causes Nancy to miss more than two months' work each winter at Queen Elizabeth High School in central Halifax but she keeps up her studies "through understanding school officials and good friends who take notes for me." As far back as '77, the University of Arizona, which has one of the best swim programs in North America, was wooing Nancy. When she graduates in June she'll likely find herself weighing blandishments from several U.S. universities. The school she chooses, she says, must be academically excellent, must have a top-notch swim program, and must be in a warm climate. Sounds like Arizona's still on her mind.

The strongest influence on Nancy, not counting her family, is her trainer, Nigel Kemp. He's coach not only of Nancy's swim club, the Trojans, but also of the Dalhousie University swim team; and in her opinion, he is simply "a wonderful coach and a real friend." It was Kemp who helped convert her from a back-stroke champ into a master of four

strokes.

"Nigel came under a lot of criticism for that," Ken Brown says. "People felt he was pushing Nancy beyond her endurance. He took the flak but he knew he was right. He knew what she could do."

Her future? She's got her eye on the Pan-Am trials in Puerto Rico next July, "And I'll just take it from there when the time comes." The Moscow Olympics in 1980 are too far ahead to worry her. Meanwhile, she says, "There are no special boyfriends, just a lot of good friends who steer the conversation away from me." She values friends, specially after meeting the flacks and hucksters who shadow sports stars everywhere, the opportunists "you can spot a mile away." The friends, too, are part of what makes Nancy swim.

— Pat Connolly



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#### **Folks**



Disco queen Patsy Gallant gets new band: The Toronto Symphony

Still on the move: Campbellton, N.B. native Patsy Gallant, the petite pop singer who has blossomed into a television star with her own CTV variety series. With a couple of international hits behind her, including 1977's smash From New York to L.A., Gallant is looking ahead to her next one. A possibility: One of the new songs she's just recorded for the sound-track of the made-in-Alberta movie Hard Ride Hank, which stars Linda Blair and Richard Crenna. Gallant sings four selections written by the Toronto husband-and-wife team, Paul Brenda Hoffert (who wrote the music for Outrageous!). The album and the movie are slated for early-summer release. Gallant had an interesting studio band helping her with the sound-track: Most of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra.

Click—got it! Peter Ormandy immortalizes New Brunswick firemen



When the bell rings Peter Ormandy of Fredericton grabs his camera, dons his yellow rain suit, jumps into his car and chases firetrucks. He's not a fireman but he plans to celebrate the heroism of firefighters in a book which will be a first for Canada. "A dedicated and professional group of people whose physical endurance is enormous," Ormandy, an engineering instructor at UNB who's chased eight fires and collected more than 300 photos in the past year. He wants the public to see firefighters as he does. People like to watch buildings burn, he says, but they don't give a hoot about the firemen. They're unaware of job hazards-like heat which brings on a sweat that, combined with wetness and cold, causes "unbelievable discomfort" when men move to new positions during a fire. "Firefighters aren't cavaliers but men whose first consideration is the safety of people," Ormandy believes. As he clicked away at one fire he caught a fireman dashing into a burning building without his air pack. The firefighter had thought he'd heard a baby crying: It turned out to be a cat. For Ormandy, that said it all.



Kiss a cod? Don't mind if I do, says Mayor Wyatt

Just before she declared her intention to run for the Tory leadership of Newfoundland and thereby put herself in line to become Canada's first woman premier, St. John's Mayor Dorothy Wyatt made a fishier declaration. Dottie was already somewhat memorable for, among other things, her fine old campaign slogan, "Vote for Wyatt, She won't be Quiet." Now, she donned her official chain of office and, in an act of no-holds-barred support for the Codpeace movement (see page 11), she puckered up her ruby-red lips and kissed a cold fish. A cod, of course. This made her not Canada's first woman premier but probably the first mayor of either sex to kiss a cold fish in public. Oh well, kissing babies is passé anyway. Sadly, the cod did not turn into a prince.



Satirist Nancy White's had enough of "singing the news"

For many listeners to CBC radio's "Sunday Morning," the highlight of the program is Nancy White's satirical songs about such diverse news stories as Canadian unity, test tube babies and the post office. Last year they won her an ACTRA award as best radio variety performer. But on April 8, Nancy White will be "singing the news" for the last time. "I've got labelled, writing political satire," White explains. "People ask me Who's your target going to be this week?' I don't like that." She points out that she's now doing other things besides "Sunday Morning" and wants to do even more-concerts, perhaps another record, and travelling. couldn't go on tour while I was with 'Sunday Morning.' I did one tour, but it was on my vacation." Losing that regular weekly paycheck won't bother her at all: "I freelanced for seven years. It's having a regular paycheck that feels odd." White, who grew up in Charlottetown and studied at Dalhousie University, once wrote an entertainment column for the Dartmouth Free Press. "We called it 'Under a Dirty Desk' but a woman wrote in and complained so I changed it to 'Nancy White's Widely Read and Universally Adored Column.' "For those who'll miss her on "Sunday Morning" there's her album, Civil Service Songwriter. Anyone who calls her at home can look forward to a characteristic recorded response: "Oh rats! You've reached the answering machine. Don't you just hate it? Well, anyway, try to be sophisticated and leave your name and number and we'll call you back later. Goodbye."



Hepher: Conquering new worlds in England, via Disney World

When Michael Hepher became president of Maritime Life Assurance Company at 31, the press suddenly noticed that a major national company was headquartered in Halifax. Now, at 35, Hepher is returning to his native England as chief executive officer of Abbey Life, a company six times the size of Maritime. He admits to having left England because "I realized that given the climate of English business I would not reach chief executive officer in the foreseeable future," and to having decided to return because "if I'm going to go ahead in the life insurance business, I have to leave." Hepher refuses to sacrifice family for career. He starts work at seven in the morning but by six p.m. he's out of his office and on on his way home to spend a few hours with his daughters. In spite of other commitments, he and his wife, the former Janice Morton of Halifax, are finding time to take Kelly, 5, and Erin, 3, to Disney World. His parting advice to the local business community: "Think positive. We spend too much time looking for excuses. It is possible to run a major business from here."



After a jackpot year, Anne Murray takes time out for Iuliabies

Anne Murray's resurgent career has slipped into neutral, and will stay there through the summer. After hitting the jackpot in the U.S. with her Grammywinning single, You Needed Me, off her bestselling album Let's Keep It That Way, after a triumphant three-week engagement at Las Vegas' Aladdin Hotel and after her CBC Superspecial in

Jamaica drew an astonishing 3.45 million viewers, Anne had to cancel her first appearance at New York's Carnegie Hall and drop plans to appear on the Grammy Awards television show. Her second baby, expected in mid-April, will keep Murray and her husband Bill Langstroth busy through the summer months. So will the new house they've bought in Thornhill, just north of Toronto. While Murray is singing lullabies to her new baby (perhaps a few tunes from her children's album There's A Hippo In My Tub, also selling well), her manager, Halifax native Lenny Rambeau, will be mapping her return to active duty in the fall.



Nova Scotia's Vicki Lynn Bardon wins new international honors

Heading a list of nominations-it includes names like Givenchy, Adri and Albert Nipon-for this year's American Print Fashion Council awards is Vicki Lynn Bardon of New Germany, N.S. A win would be her second: Last year's competition made her the first Canadian ever awarded one of the council's coveted Tommys. Six years ago Bardon left her job at American Home in New York to found Suttles and Seawinds, a cottage-craft industry, at New Germany. Her flair for contemporary design combined with the traditional quilting skills of local women to produce a phenomenal success and huge sales in New York. Now Canadian demand has increased so dramatically that she has had to downplay the U.S. market temporarily. "With a cottage industry," Bardon explains, "you have to build up production each time you bring out a line.' Her four fashion and two craft lines a year keep 200 local seamstresses, 20 other workers and her husband, Garry, busy. For relaxation the Bardons sail their 34-foot ketch and in spite of her remoteness from suppliers and markets Vicki Bardon likes her location: "After all, if I worked in one of those big centres, how could I get out to sail whenever I wanted?



New campus life for "Anne of Green Gables"

Anne of Green Gables at college in Montreal? L.M. Montomery's red-haired Island heroine was proud of being "a Queens girl" after she left Avonlea. But for 27-year-old Gracie Finley Stickings, the Charlottetown Festival's first native Anne, it's anthropology and archeology classes at Concordia University. That's when she's not polishing her French and enjoying her home, husband and two small sons. "Archaeology fascinates me; I'd love to go on a dig sometime," says the woman who at 16 played Anne, in one reviewer's opinion, "to heart-breaking perfection." Other actresses performed in Charlottetown's long-running hit but it was around Finley that the whole Anne cult developed-dolls, souvenirs, four Anne books with her face on the covers and, the final touch, her statue in Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum. Finley-by then Mrs. Stickings-left the show to accompany her husband, Barry, an executive with the international firm BASF, and their son, Michael, to Europe. She learned German sitting on a park bench with a grammar on her knees: "People would come up to me and speak very slowly and clearly."
A second son, James, was born after she returned to Canada in 1976. Gracie Stickings loves her memories of "Anne" and when Festival director Alan Lund was in Montreal recently they got together for supper. Does she miss acting? "I'd like to work again, but I don't want to do anything to jeopardize my family. You have to be prepared to take off if you're offered a part and I guess I'm not ready to leave them yet."

# Well, would y

To celebrate the first issue of Atlantic Insight, we offer a small sampling of some other Atlantic Canada "firsts":



#### You getta Lota light

The first government-sponsored lottery in Canada was launched in Halifax in 1752. The money raised went to finance the building of the first Sambro Lighthouse.



#### Let there be more light

New Brunswick-born Dr. Abraham Gesner brought new light to North America with his discovery of Kerosene. His first public demonstration of his new light took place in Charlottetown in 1846.



#### Look Mama, no wires!

We must make it clear that Guglielmo Marconi was not a native Newfoundlander. But it was on a hilltop in St. John's, on Thursday, December 12, 1901, that he received the first trans-Atlantic wireless message.



#### Sorry about that!

It is with somewhat mixed feelings that Halifax acknowledges that Canada's first Post Office was built there in 1755. You would think after all these years....



#### You can so talk under water

Before submarine telephone cables, we had submarine telegraph cables. Thanks to Frederic Newton Gisborne of the Nova Scotia Telephone Company, in 1852 North America's first underwater cable linked Prince Edward Island with New Brunswick. He later did the same for Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and for Europe and America.



#### Looks funny. Works good.

When the Germans released poison gas at the Canadian-held line at Ypres in 1915, we were fortunate in having Newfoundland's Dr. Cluny McPherson on our side. His original gas mask design was gradually improved and became the standard issue for all Allied troops.

Interesting items! Fascinating facts! Keep up-to-date with what's going on around here. Atlantic Insight (low-cost Charter Subscriptions are still available), gives you the first in-depth coverage of the people and events important to Atlantic Canada. Amaze your friends!

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#### The propeller fella no. 1

Poor John Patch. This Yarmouth, Nova Scotia inventor designed the screw propeller, destined to replace the paddle-wheel for steam ships. However, on the way to the Patent Office, he sold his plans for a pot of rum.



#### The propeller fella no. 2

The variable-pitch propeller, regarded as "Canada's most important contribution to world aviation" was the brain-child of Rothesay, New Brunswick engineer Wallace Rupert Turnbull. In 1920, he perfected the device that made the air transport industry possible.



#### Unity no. 1: From sea to sea

Prince Edward Island is proud to remind Canada that the Act of Confederation was signed in Charlottetown on ........ If you don't know the date, you should be ashamed of yourself.



#### Unity no. 2: Up in the air

With this wing I do thee wed. Canada's first air wedding, took place over Charlottetown in 1934. We imagine that the happy couple are back to earth by now!



#### Of iron men and wooden paper

In the early 1800's, the growing demand for newsprint sparked a search for an alternative to rag paper. In 1838, Charles Fenerty of Nova Scotia made the world's first usable newsprint from wood fibre



#### Give this man five stars

In February 1979, Halifax hotelier, Gary Hurst, became the first person in the world to take out a lifetime subscription to *Atlantic Insight*. Right ritzy, Gary!

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more than just a news magazine

## Opinion – by Robert Miller

ack in the late Sixties when Don Shebib was showing us all about the pain of Goin' Down The Road and one or two silly members of Toronto City Council were whining publicly about the high cost of keeping lazy and/or unemployable Maritimers on the welfare rolls, Toronto was

still Hogtown.

We knew it, too. We couldn't help but know it. The Toronto Star was full of "Boom-Town Metro" stories that glorified local prosperity and rhapsodized about the good time awaiting us all just around the corner of King and Bay, an exercise in unashamed (and, we thought,typically Ontarian) boosterism. Skyscrapers were shooting up almost overnight, elbowing aside perfectly serviceable buildings and creating vicious wind tunnels along with construction jobs and an expanded municipal tax base. Montreal, once the only real gem in the "rhinestone band" of Canadian cities, was fast losing its glitter, to Toronto's ill-concealed glee. Toronto's harsh, cutting edge had yet to be blunted by any real sense of self-worth based on solid achievement, or by any graciousness.

In those days, Toronto was still hustle-and-push, smashand-grab. The pursuit of its limited pleasures was a breathless affair, exhausting. It was little wonder that a lot of us, ambitious but not really *driven*, said the hell with it and went back to Moncton or the Bay, to Summerside or Campbellton,

to Harbour Grace or Halifax. Back home.

Wherever life took us, we Maritimers knew what home was: It was where they were always glad to take you in no matter what. Torontonians seemed to think home was where you went when no place else was open: A place to sleep but not, except by chance, to dream-dreams being the exclusive property of the nine-to-five world in the sense that they were usually vaguely defined ideas about how to make a million. There was a much bruited tale, back in the Sixties that if you called Canadian National information in Toronto and asked, simply, "How much is it to home?" you were automatically quoted the one-way coach-class fare to Halifax. I never tested the rumor, I was afraid it would turn out to be true. (Rich man or poor, worker or shirker, thinker or drinker, no one likes to be patronized.) But the story does serve to show that a lot of us were unhappy or unlucky, when away from the Maritimes.

For most of us who went home, back then, the time we'd spent in Toronto quickly developed its own mythology, a series of explanations or excuses or, more often, complaints—to be told and retold over tavern tables awash with Moosehead or over campfires beside streams aswarm with trout. Toronto was lonely, we said. Or the people were cold, unfriendly. Or the pace was too fast. Or, most frequently, we "just didn't like it up there" even if cars and fridges and television sets were unbelievably cheap.

There was (and is) no stigma attached to having tried Toronto and abandoned it. Maritimers have been leaving home to try their luck elsewhere ever since they first left elsewhere to try their luck in the Maritimes. We're Scots, English, Irish or French, most of us. And a large percentage of Maritime émigrés has always returned home, usually richer in experience and sometimes in coin, to build a contented life close to family, friends and familiar landmarks.

But for me, and a few others I know, Thomas Wolfe was right: Home was really where we couldn't go again. Not to stay. We had changed, even if home hadn't. I've been up and down the road to Toronto three times now, always with some trepidation. The first time, the trip was almost accidental, born of some salmon-like instinct that Toronto was where I ought to go. The other times, the trips were essential, part of the need to work and live in the fast lane. As a



Canadian reporter, Toronto was where I had to go.

Today, I'm glad I went back. I can honestly report that the city has changed for the better. It is calmer now, less pushy, more sure of its own worth. It has been much praised by jealous American urban experts, and has learned to take such plaudits in its stride. As the city has grown—and how it has grown—it has begun to run into the inevitable problems brought by size and diversity. The streets are no longer quite as safe as they were; the ugly face of racism is occasionally seen. But there is an unmistakable feeling afoot that these problems are being tackled and will be solved—sooner rather than later. The lessons of New York, Cleveland and, say, Gary, Indiana are all too stark.

Meantime, the building boom has slowed, to everyone's relief. There is a revived sense of neighborhood, and city communities like Cabbagetown, the Annex, Forest Hill, the Beaches, Rosedale, Little Italy, Chinatown have always been Toronto's most attractive feature. After two centuries of neglect, the waterfront area is being developed with parks,

hotels and apartment buildings.

Purists may decry the glitzy facelift that has changed Yorkville from a charming collection of coffeehouses into an aggregation of hopelessly expensive boutiques. But the visitors seem to love it. And, anyway, the nearby Bay-Bloor area has become a world-class shopping/dining/drinking centre. A year or so ago, the *Star* actually quoted, with a straight face, a local shopkeeper as saying: "Why, did you know that in New York they're calling Fifth Avenue the Bloor Street of Manhattan?" and no one in Toronto thought it particularly funny.

Entertainment? Toronto is the undisputed leader in Canada. The TV networks are headquartered in the city. Little theatre is booming, and often brilliant. Big theatre continues to play before SRO audiences. The people are movie-mad, spending more per capita at the flicks than do the people of any city on earth. No self-respecting rock star would consider an itinerary that didn't include a stop at Maple Leaf Gardens. Pro sports: The Leafs (ha!), the Blue Jays (ha! ha!) and the Argos (har-de-har-har!) continue to

pack in the crowds.

Nightlife? The city has a hundred good restaurants, and at least a dozen great ones. They cater to every nationality, every taste and have given Toronto a truly cosmopolitan flavor. There are a hundred good bars, too. And hundreds

more are trying to upgrade themselves.

In the end, the pleasures of Toronto today are best summarized by a single word: Choice. Options exist, as they don't anywhere in the Maritimes (or anywhere else in Canada). You can choose among three newspapers (all of them good in their own ways: A far cry from the Dennis press in Nova Scotia or the Irving papers in New Brunswick). You can choose among a dozen TV channels, 20 or more radio frequencies. You can choose to shop in chain stores, or old-fashioned markets such as Kensington or St. Lawrence. You can even choose your sexuality—straight, gay or bi—and nobody much cares. People in Toronto have learned to respect one another's space, the last and most important lesson learned by all great cities. For me, at least, Hogtown has finally become Toronto the Great. It's been a nice surprise.

#### Calendar



**NOVA SCOTIA** 

April 1 — Springfield Indians vs. N.S. Voyageurs, Metro Centre.

April 1 - 20 — Images of N.S. and Nfld., Felicity Redgrave, Lunenburg Art Gallery.

April 4 — Springfield Indians vs. N.S. Voyageurs, Metro Centre.

April 4 – Designer Craftsmen '78, Hector Centre, Pictou.

April 4 - 30 — Designer Craftsmen '78, Bloomfield Centre, Antigonish.

April 5 — Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, Dalhousie Arts Centre. April 6 — Rochester Americans

vs. N.S. Voyageurs, Metro Centre. April 6 - 29 — Staircase: Charles Dyer, John Neville, Douglas Campbell, Neptune Theatre Co.

April 8 — Rochester Americans vs. N.S. Voyageurs, Metro Centre.

April 9 - 30 — Mark Adams oil and acrylic paintings, Dartmouth Heritage Museum.

April 11 — Legends of Jazz, New Orleans style, Dalhousie Arts Centre.

April 12 - May 13 - Views of Childhood: 18-20th century artists, Art Gallery, MSVU.

April 13 – Handel's Messiah, Dal Arts Centre.

April 15 — Sixth Annual Society Show, Atlantic Society of Hand Weavers, Heritage Trust, Metal Ore Guild of Nova Scotia, N.S. Mineral and Gold Society, N.S. Stamp Club, The Royal Astronomical Society, Halifax branch, N.S. Museum.

April 16 - 28 — Portrait of the People, Leonard Paul, Truro Art Society.

April 18 — Earl Hines, jazz piano, Dal Arts Centre.

April 21 — Les Ballets Trockadero De Monte Carlo, Dal Arts Centre. April 20 - 22 — Craftsmen Spring Market, Dal Arts Centre.

April 22 – Watercolors by Leighton David, Art Gallery of N.S.

April 22 – Pottery by Frances and Michael Morris, Art Gallery of N.S.

Apriil 22 – Newfoundland hooked mats, Art Gallery of N.S.

April 24 - May 21 - Japanese prints, Art Gallery of N.S.

April 25 - May 21 — Young Quebec Abstract Painters, Art Gallery of N.S. April 25 - May 21 — Paintings and drawings by Karl Spital, Art Gallery of N.S.

April 25 - June 10 — Exhibits: Minerals, Metals & Man, N.S. Museum.

April — Twelve Thousand Men, documentary film history of Cape Breton Coalminers, National Film Board Theatre, Halifax. Provincial tour follows.

April — Celtic Spirits: One-hour film starring Cape Breton fiddlers John Allen Cameron and Winston "Scotty" Fitzgerald, NFB Theatre, Provincial tour follows.



NEWFOUNDLAND

April – Provincial Drama Festival, Stephenville.

April 1 - 21 — Video scope-video art, Memorial University Art Gallery.

April 3 - 15 — Gertrude Syrotuik paintings and drawings, Memorial Art Gallery.

April 5 - 7 — "I do, I do," Peter and Mary Lou Palmer, Arts and Cultural Centre, St. John's.

April 9 — Heidelberg Chamber Orchestra, Arts and Cultural Centre, St. John's.

April 10 — "Some Slick," Mummers Theatre Troupe, featuring East End Blues Band, LSPU Hall, St. John's.

April 18 - 20 — Holycross Elementary School presents "Tom Sawyer," Arts and Cultural Centre, St. John's.

April 27 - 28 – I.J. Sampson High School presents "Fiddler on the Roof," Arts and Cultural Centre, St. John's.

April 30 — Community Concert: "Five on Stage," Arts and Cultural Centre, St. John's.



**NEW BRUNSWICK** 

March - April 27 — Whale Sound: Sculptures, paintings, poems, N.B. Museum, Saint John.

April 1 – N.B. Hawks vs. New Haven, Moncton Coliseum.

April 3 — N.B. Hawks, Saint John. April 4 — Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, Saint John High School.

April 14 - 21 — Macbeth, Theatre New Brunswick, Fredericton Playhouse; also April 23, 24, Moncton; April 24 Sussex; April 26 - 28 Saint John; April 30 St. Stephen.

April 15 – Veneers and Velvets, N.B. Museum, Saint John.

April 15 - May 15 - Robert Field oils, watercolors, miniatures and engravings, Owens Art Gallery, Mount Allison University.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

April 8 – Robert Field oils, watercolors, miniatures and engravings, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown.

April 10 - 24 — Canadian Society of Painters Exhibit, Art Gallery, Confederation Centre.

April 10 - May 6 - Recent works by William Perhudoff, Art Gallery, Confederation Centre.

February 16 — April 20 — Early Automobiles of P.E.I., Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside.

April 25 - May 19 - Maritime Art Association Show, Eptek National Exhibition Centre, Summerside,

#### **Books**

## **Exploring the east coast's waterways**

Clarke, Penner and Rogers, Cruising Nova Scotia, Greey de Pencier \$15.95

ometime in the mid-Fifties, the government of Nova Scotia published the Nova Scotia Tour Book which described the aspect and history of every named location in the province. With its map and calendar of events, the tour book has become indispensable to the motoring tourist. Clarke, Penner, and Rogers' Cruising Nova Scotia, (Greey de Pencier, 1979, \$15.95) provides the same service for the tourist who explores by water. It really covers only the eastern coastline, perhaps leaving the door open for sequels devoted to navigating the tricky Bay of Fundy shoreline, the warm waters of the Northumberland Strait and, of course, best loved of all, the Bras D'Or Lakes and Cape Breton.

Here is almost everything you need to know to follow our marine highways from Yarmouth harbor to Canso. It's a well-organized book: The front and back sections give general information on the whole coastline while the core of the text covers each chart in turn. The authors have done a good job of pointing out all the greater and lesser shelters in each chart range and they also

But the book is meant for more than those days when crew and captain sail with eyes peeled and ears cocked: Cruising Nova Scotia is also a charming companion for fair-weather sailing, days when even children take a turn at the wheel and all other bodies drape the sun-drenched decks. It's here, in fact, that the book is a delight, introducing the lore of birds and beasts, boats and fishermen, and how to cook your catch. For example, I wasn't aware that I'm invited to photograph the individual tail patches of humpback whales to send to marine researchers in Bar Harbor, Maine. And while I've been taught to do "tongues and cheeks," my previous education didn't cover the technique of deboning and gutting a fish without changing its appearance. I was delighted to hear that squid often jump clear out of the water, to the height of six feet, and I only regret that so far I haven't seen the spectacle.

Cruising Nova Scotia will never replace the basic reference books crucial to shipboard life, like the Canadian Pilot series, Birds of Eastern Canada, and the much pirated Sailing Club of America's



Cruising authors Judith Penner, Wayne Clarke and George Rogers

discuss the best approaches, notable landmarks and other visual aids to watch for. There are notes on shoals, sticks, lights, and horns, what frequency you twiddle to for marine reports, where you can tie-up, gas-up, ice-up, and who does what repairs in each location.

volumes on the Atlantic coast. But it's an excellent introduction to them and, for a light book, it covers an impressively wide range of information. It will probably sell out in minutes, if not to the experienced sailor, then probably to the non-native or even the just mildly interested. One can easily see the pro-

vincial government buying scores of copies as mementos for visitors or hostess-gifts for their prospecting forays. It's a perfect gift for friends from away whom you've bored for years with your sea stories on the greatest of all provinces. Simply and charmingly written and illustrated, *Cruising Nova Scotia* whispers an invitation to learn the secrets of the inner sanctum and become One of Us.

- Jill Cooper Robinson

## **Gzowski's Spring**

Peter Gzowski's Spring Tonic, Hurtig, \$12.95

raditionally spring tonics were purges taken after a long winter of too little sun and not enough fresh fruit and vegetables. Sulphur and molasses (also known as brimstone and treacle) was a favorite mixture; castor oil and a combination of Epsom salts and cream of tartar were also spooned into generations of protesting offspring by well-meaning parents. Peter Gzowski's Spring Tonic goes down much more easily. It's an eclectic, occasionally irritating but generally enjoyable anthology of old and new, the poetic and the pedantic, that evokes a very real picture of that most elusive Canadian season.

There are over a hundred essays, poems, recipes, stories and pictures from every part of Canada except Prince Edward Island in the book. Discovering old friends like Sheila Burnford's One Woman's Arctic or passages from Harold Horwood, W.O. Mitchell and Stephen Leacock made me want to go back and re-read the originals-surely the sign of a successful anthology. It was also nice to discover that except for P.E.I., Atlantic Canada fares quite well in Spring Tonic. There are selections by Ray Guy, Harry Bruce, Russell Hunt, and Silver Donald Cameron. The medical missionary, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, gives an understated account of his ordeal while trapped with his husky dogs on an ice floe. At the other end of the scale, Cameron pokes barbed fun at Maritime evangelists whose rites of spring include ceremonial book-burning.

Despite the geographical diversity of Canada, the authors featured in Spring Tonic all see spring in a surprisingly similar way—as a delightful but transitory phenomenon, much less emotionally weighty than the endless winter. "Spring always arrived like a

forgotten memory one morning...," writes Robert Thomas Allen. And, Mrs. Esther Bowers adds, "The waiting for

Dr. Gzowski's remedy: Nicer than sulphur and molasses

spring is a physical thing like looking for a lost love, a part of us too long buried under heavy boots and coats. I feel it better than I can describe it."

Articles like Mrs. Bowers' were commissioned especially by Gzowski for this anthology, and he's also used some delightful columns from small-town Canadian newspapers. They illustrate his strengths as an editor. But the intrusion of his personality into other parts of the anthology weakens it. The introduction, where all Gzowski's calculated simplicity and coy intimacy receive full play, is tedious. Perhaps worse is his interview with Margaret Atwood. When he asks her whether her basement flooding every spring is a "happy thing or a sad thing," her reply is understandably testy; others probably would have been profane. What's not clear is why the whole exchange is in the book.

The late Sixties, pop-art cover by Peter Max and the generally muddy illustrations are also drawbacks. Twelve ninety-five for a paperback isn't insignificant. One would have hoped for a more visually appealing book.

But the strength of Spring Tonic is its ability to evoke the memory of personal springs: The first marble game of the season played amid the slush and run-off; the sounds of girls skipping; the great feeling of liberation that comes with the shedding of long underwear and snowboots. The tastes of spring, of dandelion greens, fiddleheads, and young rhubarb, the smell of the sap coming out of the trees, the exhilaration of a wind that's not cold are all captured. It's a wonderful book for midwinter or for any time when we're in danger of forgetting what it was like to be young. -Anne Tulloch Patrick

### **Theatre**

# A "ghost director" for N.B. theatre

alcolm Black, managing director of Theatre New Brunswick since last June, says, "I want to see the TNB subscription up to 10,000 (it's already increased from last year's 4,000 to over 6,000) and I want to see us get fair recognition." By fair recognition, Black means more money. He believes his theatre is getting "a shafting from the Canada Council and the Province." (TNB got \$43,000 from New Brunswick in '78; in '79, its Canada Council grant was \$200,000).

But despite money problems, Black's 1979 season is giving New Brunswick an imaginative theatre feast. Co-productions with Halifax's Neptune Theatre of The Au Pair Man by Hugh Leonard and The Return of A.J. Raffles by Graham Greene (a North American premiere) have cut costs for both theatres. Next December, a co-production with the Guelph Spring Festival will bring an opera to the Fredericton Playhouse for the first time. It's Humperdinck's Hansel and Gretel. Black's agenda also includes The Subject Was Roses, Waiting for Godot, Macbeth, Bernie Slade's Same Time Next Year and Wheels, a musical by Canadian John

Black has lured some of Canada's best actors to Fredericton. When Bill Glassco, director of Toronto's Tarragon Theatre, tried to hire Gerard Parkes, Thomas Hauff and R.H. Thompson for a new play by David French, he found to his disgust that Black had sewed up all three

A Liverpudlian, Black began his Canadian career in 1956 at Toronto's Crest Theatre. Later, he directed such triumphs as *The Night of the Iguana* with Frances Hyland and *The Speckled Band*, perhaps the biggest hit in the history of the St. Lawrence Theatre, Toronto. In television, he's directed half the big names in U.S. show biz, including Walter Pidgeon, a Saint John boy by birth. Black directed the controversial *Crabdance* and the world premieres of five other Canadian plays as well.

Unlike his somewhat bombastic predecessor at TNB, Walter Learning, Black tends not to call attention to himself and, since he's frequently out of town on theatre business, some Frederictonians call him "the ghost director." His trips probably work to New Brunswick's benefit. In Victoria recently,



Malcolm Black: New-found Fredericton fan

he directed *Twelfth Night*, and he'll present it to New Brunswick audiences in 1980. He'll also give us a play next year by Fredericton's own Sharon Pollock (now in Calgary) and direct a Neptune production. The Neptune play, he says, is "a very exciting work which I can't tell you about, except to say it will come to New Brunswick."

Black has a passionate interest in seeing the Capital Theatre restored in Saint John. It's 66 years old, and he says, "I can't understand why Saint John is talking about building a theatre when they have that gem. I'd do anything to help get that theatre restored, anything. Even give money. I just want to direct the first show that goes in there."

Like other Upper Canadian converts to eastern living, Black and his wife, Charla, have "bought" the Maritimes with a vengeance. He took a fat salary cut to come to Fredericton but then he got their big house "for only a fraction of the price of my house in Toronto." He thinks TNB's touring program makes the theatre "the most exciting in Canada. It reminds me of when I was young, working for the Arts Council, and we'd just load everything into a truck and off we'd go. And the audiences are wonderful. Everyone goes to the theatre. In Toronto, it's the same group going year after year and, unless you run into someone from the group, you never see anyone who's seen your production. But here, if you walk into a bank the teller says, "Hey, I saw the show last night." Black likes that. When a Toronto friend asked how the Blacks enjoyed "the boondocks," Malcolm replied, "You've got it all wrong. You're the guy who's living in the boondocks." -Colleen Thompson

#### **Movies**



Robert DeNiro, George Dzundza, Chuck Aspegren, Christopher Walken, still feeling good. Horror is yet to come

# The Deer Hunter: From Pennsylvania to the Vietnam nightmare. A modern epic

Reviews by Martin Knelman

We meet the characters in Michael Cimino's sprawling epic *The Deer Hunter* at the end of a shift at a steel mill in a small town in Pennsylvania. This is in 1968. When Cimino takes us inside the steel mill, with sweeping, joltingly edited glimpses of flames jumping out of metal, we're plunged into a mystical netherworld. This plant, he seems to be telling us, is a self-contained world with its own set of ceremonies and challenges. And he commands our attention by presenting the details of everyday life as a highly stylized ritual.

It's a great technique for mythologizing the prosaic lives of these young white men of the lower middle class, who might otherwise seem remarkably inarticulate. When the men come off the assembly line and begin removing the uniforms that symbolize their participation in this ritual of work, they immediately plunge into another kind of ritual. Heading for the showers, they horse around and playfully slap each other's bare skin.

The Deer Hunter is an awesomely

complete, far-reaching portrait of male bonding. There's a self-conscious sense of legend-building about it. We're aware that when Michael (Robert DeNiro), Nick (Christopher Walken), Steven (John Savage) and their buddies drink beer together at the local tavern, they're acting out a tradition that we've all been steeped in through American frontier yarns. When they go out to hunt deer in the woods, it's clear this is a Hemingway-style exercise.

Structurally, The Deer Hunter consists of several interwoven kinds of adventure, all testing the courage and manliness of the heroes. The first hour is an essay about preparation. Fooling around and getting drunk together is a way of preparing for a milestone: Steve's wedding to a girl who is pregnant by somebody else. The nervily extended wedding sequence starts with the ceremony in a spectacular Russian Orthodox church and moves on to the party at the legion hall. The occasion also serves as a farewell for Mike, Steve and Nick, who are all leaving for Vietnam. As a final gesture before being

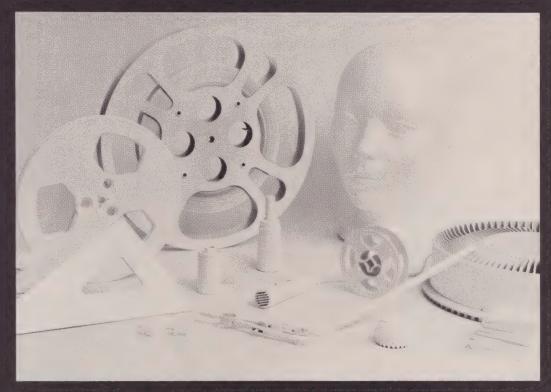
swept off to Asia, the boys go to the woods at dawn, one of them still in a tuxedo. This isn't just a drunken, morning-after prank; when Michael, the idealized leader of the group, kills a deer in one clear shot, the achievement is noted by a heavenly choir. (Understatement is not among Cimino's gifts.)

In the second hour, we're thrown into the Vietnam nightmare. We find the boys in a prisoner-of-war camp. The epitome of their ordeal is a fiendish version of Russian roulette, in which they are forced to demonstrate their nerve, for the amusement of their tormentors, by holding a gun to their heads and pulling the trigger.

The final hour attempts to pull the threads together and give us an overview of how Vietnam affected Middle America, but here the movie is less persuasive. Michael, the man whose



DeNiro, John Savage: Male bonding in a prison camp



We turn vague thoughts into brilliant presentations

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heroism was preshadowed by his ability to kill a deer cleanly, stares fear and death in the face and leads a brilliant getaway. But even after he goes home, he is sucked back into the horror through his need to search out and piece back together his two buddies who haven't come through unscathed. The movie reaches a kind of climax when Michael finds a freaked-out Nick voluntarily playing Russian roulette in the backroom of a Saigon bordello after the sacking of the city.

This is a long movie with a majestic rhythm, full of conviction and big emotions. DeNiro as Michael gives a virtuoso performance but sticks to things we've seen him do before. As the fragile, romantically self-destructive Nick, Christopher Walken has a different kind of impact. Most amazing is the fresh performance of Meryl Streep in the role of a home-town girl involved with both of them—amazing because the part hasn't been defined by the script.

The Deer Hunter concludes with a double ritual—a funeral and the singing of God Bless America. And finally it is this faith in rituals that carries the movie past its limitations. In some respects the history of the 20th century has been largely the story of the rise of rationalism and the decline of ritual. Movie going as a social act may be seen as a form of groping in the dark for myths and rituals to replace the ones that have been taken away from us. Whatever its failings, The Deer Hunter addresses itself powerfully to that need.

# **Invasion of the Body Snatchers**

San Francisco has become an increasingly popular movie location in recent years, but the city has never looked as eerily handsome as it does in Philip Kaufman's stylish new version of the 1956 B sci-fi classic. Kaufman has capitalized on the city's style the way Carol Reed capitalized on postwar Vienna in *The Third Man* and Nicholas Roeg capitalized on Venice in Don't  $Look\ Now$  — to give his movie a spooky beauty. Both the new film and its predecessor are based on the novel The Body Snatchers, which has an ingenious premise: The human race is being knocked off by a conspiracy of plants. This version has a depth the earlier film didn't have; it's funny as well as scary now, and eerily beautiful as well. With Donald Sutherland (showing an empathic, delicately funny side), Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright and Jeff Goldblum (as the high-spirited poet of the baths). Never mind the Oscars; this is the best movie of the year.



"Elementary, my dear Genevieve Bujold." The hunt for Jack the Ripper goes on, and on

#### **Murder by Decree**

An expensive Anglo-Canadian co-production, directed by Bob Clark of Toronto, who has polished his technique since he did the shlock thriller Black Christmas. But then he's working with an ingeniously hokey script (by the English playwright John Hopkins) which pairs Sherlock Holmes off with Jack the Ripper. (It turns out to be more fun than the pairing of Holmes and Freud in The Seven Per Cent Solution.) Christopher Plummer makes the most dapper, charming Sherlock you've ever seen, but it's James Mason's deftly funny Dr. Watson who steals the movie. (He's especially wonderful in a scene about the mashing of peas.) The movie turns into some sort of Canadian celebrity home-coming, as everyone who ever left for Hollywood shows up. As a wild-eyed psychic who is thought to have supernatural clues to the wave of prostitution murders, Donald Sutherland is a gaunt, Dickensian eccentric. Then there's Geneviève Bujold, acting her heart out in a madhouse tableau. And Susan Clark, who gets to flash her green eyes as an Irish tart who becomes one of the Ripper's victims. The bizzare plotting is full of entertaining silliness. Fancy socio-cultural theories about Victorian repression are recycled in pop exploitation form, and presto! It turns out that Jack the Ripper was linked to the Royal family, and that violence in the gutter was the flip side of upper-set secret lives. Bob Clark works up so many gothic fog effects that you may have choking fits, but at least you won't fall asleep. It would be stretching things to call this a good movie, but it's lively, pulpy fun.



Sean Connery, master criminal. Lesley-Anne Down, mistress to the master

# The Great Train Robbery

Acivilized and good-looking period comedy-thriller, written and directed by Michael Crichton. Sean Connery deftly plays the con artist masquerading as a Victorian gentleman in order to steal the gold bullion being shipped in locked train cars. Lesley-Anne Down is very beautiful as his partner in crime, and Donald Sutherland is creepily funny as the safecracker smuggled into the guarded car in a coffin. The film is agreeable and jocular, but it is also rather shallow and anemic. Basically it's just another dumb caper movie, but executed with impeccable taste. (It's the sort of movie that features gentlemen in wigs, and jokes about the radical idea of giving women the vote.)

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## **Marketplace**

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Due to the overwhelming response for Classified Advertising in the first issue, some ads will run in the second issue of Atlantic Insight. Adjustments will be made in future, to ensure that ads received will be placed in the issue requested.

#### **Profile**

# Craig Dobbin: Fast, footloose, and very rich

"Let's fly to St. Pierre for lunch," he said. So they did

By Susan Sherk

raig Dobbin is an affable 6'2" Newfoundlander whose intuition, energy, negotiating abilities and good connections have made him, at age 43, one of Newfoundland's biggest developers. With more than 2,000 apartments in Newfoundland and New Brunswick, 500 dwellings in Quebec, eight shopping centres, a mortgage company, an equipment rental outfit, a construction firm and a couple of dozen helicopters, his assets total more than \$40 million.

Craig is a mover. If he's in Newfoundland today, he may be in Japan tomorrow. He's an idea man and the rat pack that follows him clearly regards him with awe. They are "the boys" and some have been with him since high school. They play cards, drink, fish and hunt together, and often go to Europe on spur-of-the-moment jaunts. Once, while playing cards in St. John's, Craig said to his friends, "Let's go to St. Pierre for lunch. So they did. They flew 250 miles in his helicopter to the French island off Newfoundland's coast for a gourmet meal. The rat pack, with Craig at the helm, is a down-home rat pack. They aren't beholden to him. They're successful in their own right: Lawyers, doctors, teachers, businessmen. They play together because they like one another. In Newfoundland, old school ties still count.

Some mornings Craig sets out for his office without planning to go anywhere but, before the day's out, phones his wife to announce he's in Montreal or Las Vegas. "He's impulsive," Penny Dobbin says. She is a patient woman. "If he finds something he wants to do, he just does it." One day last summer, a helicopter landed at the Bally Haly Golf Club in St. John's, and out stepped country singing star, Charlie Pride, the then premier Frank Moores, and their host Craig Dobbin. Craig and Moores were close buddies until they fought over a government office building contract. A business acquaintance tells of overhearing a bar conversation after the rift: If the government changed, someone asked, how long would Dobbin take to switch allegiance? Without batting an eyelid, Craig replied, "Would 20 seconds sound vulgar?"

Craig Dobbin has more going for him than financial holdings, the rat

pack and an energized lifestyle. He started with nothing and built up his empire in 10 years but, perhaps most importantly, he looked to the land for his living. Before his time, wealthy Newfoundlanders-and there have been many-made their fortunes from the sea and handed down money from father to son. Newfoundland's closeness to the world's richest fishing grounds caused its early prosperity. When the fishery was downplayed after 1949-the year the island joined Confederation—things changed. Some businesses, linked to the sea, didn't change, and disappeared. Others, like Bowring, Ayre's and A.E. Hickman's, adapted and survived. While the struggle raged, Craig Dobbin strolled in. He was a fresh face with an Irish sense of humor; a swashbuckling personality with unorthodox business methods. He was the right man in the right place at the right time.

f you ask 10 people what makes him different from most developers, they'll tell you, "He's impulsive, he's intuitive and his intuition is almost always right on." Consider his helicopter company: "I bought a helicopter for my own use," he says, "and then I looked at the revenue of the machine and got into it more. I bought one as a toy; then I bought the company."

He doesn't analyse every project, and doesn't believe in time-motion studies or market surveys. "I've never seen anyone who researches anything so little, does it so big and is so successful," says one close associate. One of Craig's brothers, an engineer, adds, "One thing I've always admired about Craig is that I'd be planning a building and he'd be looking ahead two years and building five of them. He's not afraid to try anything.'

One thing he tried was being provincial Tory bagman in the 1975 provincial election, something which raised suspicions later about his contracts with the government. He's also made mistakes. He lost over a million dollars on a badly situated apartment complex in New Brunswick. Some of his apartment buildings in Newfoundland, too, could be described as CMHC-tacky.

"I think people are violently jealous of him," says a member of the rat pack. "A lot of people hate to see Craig Dobbin get anything." In fact, his successes have outweighed his failures. He's also an optimist, which helps. Lesser men may agonize over a mistake; Craig bounces back the next day with a new project. "A businessman gets ulcers," he says, "but a developer only

gains weight.'

His outlook resembles John Shaheen's. The slick oil promoter who built the Come-By-Chance refinery was in Frank Moores' office once, talking about a deal. The phone rang and a Japanese contact told the then premier that Come-By-Chance had just become the biggest bankruptcy in the western hemisphere. Moores hung up and gave Shaheen the news. "Oh yes," said Shaheen, "now let's continue with what we were talking about."

Perhaps Craig Dobbin's endless energy explains his need to juggle many deals at once. "One or two projects would satisfy me," says a friend, "but Craig would be bored silly." If you're lucky enough to find him in his office, you'll leave with a headache. He whirls in 30 directions at once. You might get him alone by proposing a round of golf, or you might end up with four more

people tagging along.

He has no private secretary, and his office is in a back bedroom at one of his apartment complexes. It's a dingy hole in the wall, but he likes it that way. "When I was in Ouebec we had a rather elaborate office, complete with barber and bar, but I'm scared to death of overheads like that. The job should be more important than the surroundings."

There are six lines in his office and often, they all ring at once. He picks up the phone, slams it down and puts everyone on hold. He makes a deal in Chicago, plans a meeting in Montreal, then changes his plane reservation. There are half-moon marks all over the wall, souvenirs of times he threw the receiver, in disgust or frustration. It's all a bit like a Grade B movie.

Outside the office, it's not much better. His yearly phone bill runs between \$15,000 and \$25,000; plane fares might be twice as much. Rat pack members who accompany him on trips sometimes take a week to recover while Craig rushes off on another jaunt. The vice-president of his company remembers a trip that included breakfast in England, lunch in Switzerland and dinner in France. Next day he went home exhausted. Craig flew on. His work habits drive everyone crazy. Two a.m. phone calls are common. Sometimes he goes to work at 3:30 a.m. and is still at it by seven the next evening. When an idea pops into his head, he's got to pursue it.

Singleness of purpose carries over into his private life. Moores introduced Craig to salmon fishing four years ago, and he went at it with a vengeance. One day he disappeared to London, and emerged a week later from

greatest strength is his grasp of finance. Although he's had no formal business training, he can swing deals when no one else can. Another asset is his charm. He's good-looking, open, informal. You want to trust him.

Craig's private tastes are eclectic. He goes to classical concerts at the St. John's Arts and Culture Centre, but he's also happy in a dingy bar with a juke box blaring. Given the choice of going to Switzerland or playing "growl," a well-known Newfoundland card game, Craig would choose the latter—or both.

He's generous, and his staff repays him with fierce loyalty. He's often supported friends in trouble and looked

MERENDAMAGAZINETONY EVANS

He liked one helicopter, so he bought a fleet

a "casting school" at the famous Hardy Fishing Rod Company. He then went salmon fishing, and on his first cast, caught the fly in his own eyelid. Mrs. Moores offered to submit his name to Hardy's hall of fame. He took up jogging. On his first day he ran three miles around the golf course and collapsed. It hadn't occurred to him that preparation was necessary. His latest craze is cross-country skiing, and most weekends his helicopter ferries people back and forth from St. John's to Terra Nova Park, 150 miles away.

Behind all this chaos is a highly organized mind. Craig can be merciless around a negotiating table, but his

after children from rough backgrounds. In business, he's forever hiring someone with problems. In short, he shares what he learned early as the third child in a lumberman's family. ("It was the kind of yard where you bought lumber in the morning and sold it in the afternoon.") The Dobbin kids were well known, partly because there were so many of them and partly because they worked and played hard. Of Craig's five brothers, one is an engineer, one a contractor, a third is in labor relations and the fourth is a doctor. The fifth was injured in an underwater diving accident and is now paralysed. Six sisters became nurses and teachers.

Craig went to school mornings and worked in the lumber yard afternoons. Years later, when the city expropriated the land where the yard stood he bought it back, and it's now head office for his multi-million-dollar operation. When he graduated from school he worked full-time for his father and dabbled in underwater diving with his brother and a friend. Soon they were doing everything from drilling rocks in St. John's harbor to finding dead bodies for the RCMP. His brother's accident turned Craig off the sport for good. When Craig decided it was time to strike out on his own it was the early Sixties and house building was the big money-maker. So he bought a house, moved into it for a few months and sold it at a \$3,000 profit. In the next 10 years, the Dobbins moved 14 times, four times to houses on the same street. Then Craig moved on to apartment complexes and became president of the local builders' association. Through it, he met Jean-Yves Gelinas, a high-living developer from Montreal and they formed a partnership that lasted for 12 years. Craig bought him out in 1978. The relationship wasn't all business: In 1970 Gelinas paid for his culture-loving colleague to be a celebrity conductor with the Montreal

Craig's move into apartment complexes coincided-by no fluke-with an influx of people into St. John's. "It was really quite a step forward," he says, "the first major approach to apartment building in the city." Next came shopping centres, then Craig began buying mortage and rental companies. Now he's considering offshore oil, a Cheshirecat grin on his face as he thinks of his helicopter company. "Offshore oil's the next big money-maker," he says, "and they're going to need helicopters. You have to be able to push forward in new territory before other people come in." He also knows that when zoning regulations and competition become too great, it's time to get out.

Symphony.

Business and pleasure take him away a lot, but he's nevertheless close to his five children: Two boys studying commerce at university, a daughter learning French in Quebec, and two more at home. He's honest about his feelings for his family: "I didn't appreciate them as much when they were young, but I thoroughly enjoy their company now."

Could a young Craig Dobbin make it today? Maybe, maybe not. Money is tighter, circumstances different, Newfoundland has changed. But the original, good old Newfoundland entrepreneur isn't ready to rust away yet: "I hate sleeping. I want to get the most out of each day and out of life. I hate to grow old." It is hard to believe he ever will.

## **Insight Essay**

## The secret of Stonehenge: Maritimers started it ... and quit to go fishing

Return of the native - By Dalton Camp

xpatriate Maritimers who return home to live are nothing new. There are only more of them these days. They come back to retire, or to weather their mid-life crisis, or to live out the fantasies they have acquired sniffing auto exhaust in big city traffic. Besides, they are boring.

Acquisitive, attuned, upwardly mobile Maritimers who have stayed at home to find careers are less likely to retire here, but take themselves to Florida condominiums, even as far away as to villas in Praia da Luz, Portugal. This suggests they may have remembered something returning Maritimers have forgotten, such as Maritime winters, taxation levels, and the cost of bread. Show me a Maritimer who retired in the Maritimes and I'll show you a man who thinks he's smarter than K.C. Irving, of Hamilton, Bermuda.

As for those who come back for reasons other than retirement, these must be clinical, or otherwise suspect. If it's not male menopause, then it's something else as deadly. The answer as to how you're going to keep 'em down on the farm-after they've seen Kitchener—has long since become, "Why bother?" Out-migration never did trouble true Maritimers, only their politicians. Besides, as they say, it reduces the competition. In-migration is the same, only in reverse.

Expatriates who return, if return they must, to inflate property values and smile a lot, are merely something else to be endured. After all, there are just as many planes landing in the Maritimes as there are taking off, and somebody has to fill the inbound flights

Walter Gordon, who will be remembered in the Maritimes long after he has been forgotten everywhere elsewhich is about now-once observed, through a royal commission in his name, that while Maritimers could never expect to have it quite so good as Canadians elsewhere, there were compensations. These were listed as (1) the close proximity of fishing holes, duck blinds, and curling rinks, and (2) the historic hard-earned right not to work very hard. These observations outraged Maritimers, and rightly so. They did not wish that kind of information given out.

Gordon's leak notwithstanding, Maritime lifestyle remains our guilty little secret. Despite the unprincipled high cost of lettuce in February, owing largely - to the unrelieved factor of discriminatory freight rates which forever bear heavily upon the region, it remains true that 47.3% of all Maritimers in managerial positions go home for lunch.

As an expatriate repatriated, and by no means the only one in these parts, I am in the happy process of rediscovering the Maritime lifestyle. The pleasures and delights are numerous but they are not limitless and adjusting to ways of doing things here, as compared to there (Toronto), requires patience which, in turn, needs stoicism to sustain it.

Statistics Canada to the contrary. there is an awesome shortage of electricians, plumbers, masons, carpenters, surveyors, and people to cut hay. And it is never enough to find one or more of these to go on a job; you will often need to find others to finish it, since the Maritime lifestyle is by nature full of distractions. These include deer, moose, ducks, birds, race horses and funerals, any one of which can summarily postpone, delay, interrupt or even terminate work in progress.

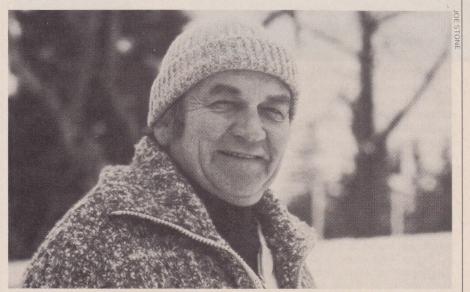
I see nothing wrong in this although, as I said, it takes getting used to; but otherwise, it has been my experience that the more there is to be done, the more enthusiastically and resolutely people will work at it. When there is little to do-such as finishing something-reluctance settles over the job, a characteristic I can only put down to being a genetic trait. (I now suspect that Stonehenge was something started by Maritimers-possibly it was to be an indoor Wiltshire shopping plaza-but they never got the roof on it owing to the opening of the werewolf season.)

At any rate, I am now living in reasonable comfort in my new, unfinished home here in Queens County and I have a new, improved understanding of what is going on at Point Lepreau, where they have been, and will be for some time, building a nuclear power station.

I cheerfully accept the argument, often advanced by spokesmen for APEC and various boards of trade, that Maritimers work harder just to stand still. What is left unsaid is that you must work harder in order to stand still. Those who don't believe it should try it.

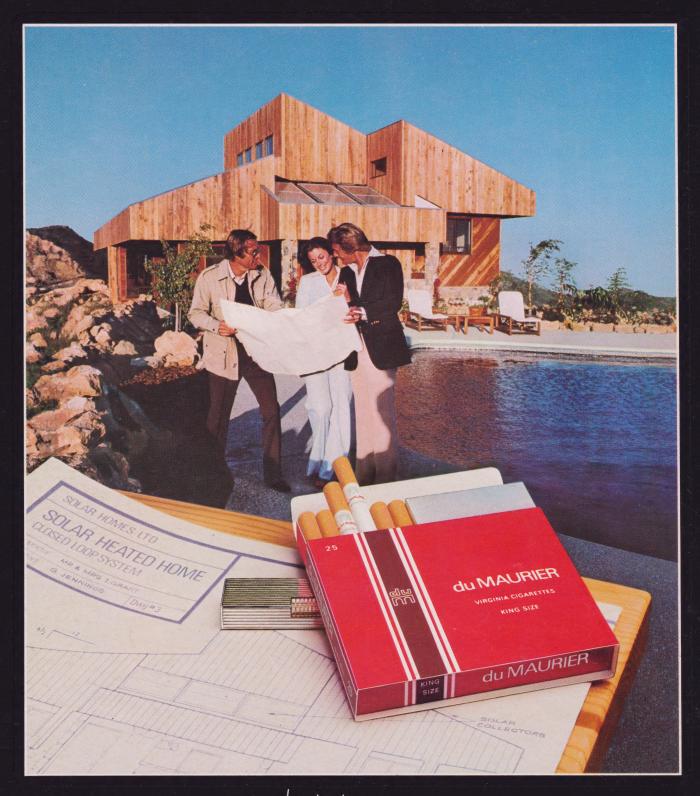
One is reminded of another frequent observation which is that Maritimers take the time to be friendly to strangers, which is true, although it is also true that Maritimers have the time to be friendly.

Putting aside any tedious recital of the region's vicissitudes, and even while making light of its self-proclaimed virtues, the real reasons Maritimers celebrate their being are so many and intangible as to defy enumeration. Perhaps all this strikes one more forcibly as a repatriate. The Maritime scale and pace and imperatives are different from elsewhere; not merely smaller, slower, fewer-but different. And somehow better.



Camp: "I am in the happy process of rediscovering the Maritime lifestyle"





du Maurier for people with a taste for something better

